

THE
VOLUNTEERS,
OR THE
Stock-Jobbers.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted by
Their Majesties Servants,

AT THE
Theatre Royal.

Written by *THO. SHADWELL*, Esq; Late
Poet-Laureat, and Historiographer Royal.
Being his last Play.

LONDON, Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1693. Where are also to be had
all Mr. *Shadwell's* 17 Plays, &c. Bound up, or single.

THE

NEW

CO

OF THE

REVOLUTION

WRITTEN BY

JOHN

1848

LONDON

1848

1848

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE little Wit of our poor *Family*,
as well as the best part of the *Substance*, perisht with my Husband; so
that we have not where withall, worthily to
expres our great Acknowledgment due for the
Support and *Favour* we have already received;
much less to publish to the World your *Virtues*,
and other *Endowments*, both of *Mind* and *Body*;
which in a private Person would have procur'd
you the Admiration of *Mankind*, and cannot in
a *Queen* but be consider'd as the highest National

To the QUEEN.

Blessing we enjoy from Heaven. This Consciouf-
ness of our own *Disability*, will much shorten your
Majesties Trouble, we shall only therefore, without
more words, and with all *Humility*, and *Profound*
Respect, throw this our last Play at Your Majesties
Feet, begging Your Acceptance of it; and that
You would once Honour it with Your Presence,
which will be the greatest Happiness that can arrive
in this World to me his Unfortunate Widow,
and from this World, to Your Faithful Servant,
my Deceas'd Husband. I am,

MADAM,

Your Majesties most Humble;

Most Obedient, and most

Faithful Subject and Servant,

Anne Shadwell.

P R O-

A PROLOGUE

*Written by Mr. Shadwell, and designed to be Spoken,
but was lost when the Play was Acted.*

OUR *Poet* taught by you, *Sirs*, to despise
All Rule, contemns the Witty and the wise:
And to the high and mighty *Fops* I'm sent,
With his Address and humble Complement.
Our *Author* will abhor withal his heart,
All Laws and Presidents of Wit and Art:
With you will venture Life and Fortune too,
And sacrifice his little Wit to you.
You who like worthy Judges can dispence
With all the Laws of Wit and common Sense:
Make Towing Bombast creeping farce to pass,
And a Triumphant *Poet* of an Als.
Oh *Fop* the happiest of all Human-kind!
In all the empty corners of his mind,
Not one ill thought he of himself can find:
The wife have anxious and unhappy been,
In men of wit is melancholly seen;
But you are ne'r in danger of the Spleen.
Not but that some of you are witty too,
And more transcendent *Fops* for being so:
Let wisest men speak freely from the heart,
The *Fop* in them is much the pleasant'st part:
Blest Thoughtless men! all others y've run down,
And now before ye carry all the Town:
Who is so pert, so witty at a Play?
In Town so brisk, and at the Court so gay?
Who in the City grow most rich, and thrive?
In Town who on their wits like *Fops* can live?
Who can so soon into Preferments jump?
For whatsoe're the Game is, *Fop* is Trump.
But above all, who have the finest parts
With Ladies! who like them can charm their hearts?
Our *Poet* yields to your most Sov'rain Sway,
And does from you alone protection pray.
The Wits and Criticks differ, and are few,
You're one and all, nothing can alter you.
A numerous and uncorrupted Tribe,
Whom Sense can ne'r persuade, nor Wit can Bribe!

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Durfey, and Spoken of by
Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Since Death's a Buccaneer, and the World will Rob,
As well of Wits, as the dull common Mob;
Though not much learn'd, I have Philosophy
Enough, to teach me 'tis in vain to Cry:
Sad Thoughts then in our Author's Grave I'll bury,
And mind the Work in hand, — to make you merry;
So, shall I to his Genius give just due,
And pleasure what, still strove to pleasure you:
I mean all you that can good Satyr bear,
Let th' rest look grum, make mouths, and sweat for fear.

We by the His, shall soon know who is hit,
Nor can that Noise offend the men of wit;
There still must be some Fools in a full Pit:
Among so many Judges met to Day,
The BullionSence wou'd break in the Essay,
Were there not some gross mettle to allay.
How many Squires could I this instant shew,
Well pleas'd to see our Author's Head laid low;
I dare say I see twenty in one Row.
Pox, cries a Chit with Native Vice endu'd,
That has just got a Genius to be lewd:
An honest Rakehel can't get drunk, nor whore,
Break Windows, scowre the Watch, Bully nor Ram:
But straight a Character shall plague him for't;
Rot him I'm glad he's dead with all my heart.
A man may now get something by the Age,
Without being laugh'd at for't upon the Stage -
Mon Dieu cries Miss, as right as ever twang'd,
These Rhiming Satyr Rogues should all be hang'd.
I live by Law, a Protestant true blew,
All Taxes pay, and am to Church so true,
I make my Allignations in a Pew.
From Crimes like these to make an Audience laugh,
Woo Vices dare Explode, — both kinds are safe,
Forth' Poet, Mate, — by Proxy does to Day,
Entreat you all to guard his Orphan Play:
His Sacred Boon above we hope he'll have,
His Wit below, his Friends he hopes will save,
'Tis none but Devils damn beyond the Grave.

The Epilogue,

Spoken by one in deep Mourning.

Enough of Mirth, the Sportive Scene is done,
And a new doleful Theme is coming on:

These Sable Robes, at Plays so seldom worn,

Do silently express the loss we mourn:

SHADWELL, the great Support oth' Comick Stage,

Born to expose the Follies of the Age:

To whip prevailing Vices, and unite

Mirth with Instruction, Profit with Delight:

For large Idea's and a flowing Pen,

First of our Times, and second but to Ben:

Whose mighty Genius and discerning Mind,

Trac'd all the various Humours of Mankind;

Dressing them up with such successful Care,

That ev'ry Fop found his own Picture there:

And blush'd for shame at the surprizing Skill,

Which made his lov'd Resemblance look so ill.

SHADWELL, who all his Lines from Nature drew,

Copy'd her out, and kept her still in view:

Who never sunk in Prose, nor soar'd in Verse.

So high as Bombast, or so low as Farce:

Who ne're was brib'd by Title or Estate,

To fawn and flatter with the Rich or Great;

To let a gilded Vice or Folly pass,

But always lash'd the Villain and the Ass.

Many within this crowded Pit I see,

Friends to our Author and his Memory:

To them he leaves, to cherish and maintain

The last and youngest Off-spring of his Brain:

By your just Care of this, you best will show

The kind Respect you to its Parent owe.

Crown you his last Performance with Applause,

Who love, like him, our Liberties and Laws.

Let but the honest Party do him Right,

And their loud Claps will give him Fame, in spite

Of the faint Hills of grumbling Jacobite.

Dramatis

Drammatis Personae.

- Major General *Blunt*. An old Cavalier Officer, somewhat rough in Speech, but very brave and honest, and of good Understanding, and a good Patriot.
- Mr. *Lee*, An old Anabaptist Collonel of *Cromwell's*, very stout and Godly; but somewhat Inmoral.
- Coll. *Hackwell*, Sen. His Son, a Gallant well-bred young Gentleman, who has gotten much Honour in the Reduction of Ireland.
- Mr. *Dogger*, A brave young Gentleman, a Volunteer, of a good Estate, who has gotten much Honour in the late Wars.
- Coll. *Hackwell*, Jun. A most Fantastick, Conceited Beau, of Drolling, Affected Speech; a very Coxcomb, but stout; a most luxurious effeminate Volunteer.
- Mr. *Powell*, An ugly sub-Beau, as Conceited as the other, but has a mortal hatred to War, that lives a lazy Dronish Coxcomby Life, writing Biller Doux.
- Welford*. Mrs. *Hackwell's* Stallion; a Sharper, which is a new name for a Rogue and a Cheat.
- Mr. *Hodgson*, Another Rogue of his Acquaintance.
- Sir *Nicholas Dainty*. A Dancing-Master.
- Mr. *Bowman*, A foolish Confident, conceited and affected young Lady, Daughter to the Major General.
- Sir *Timorby Kastril*. A very fine young Lady, the Reverse of her Sister *Teresia*.
- Mr. *Bowen*. An ill-bred, Scornful affected thing, a great Friend to *Teresia*, and Daughter to Mrs. *Hackwell*.
- Nickum*. A beautiful Ingenious young Lady, a great Friend to *Eugenia*, Daughter to Coll. *Hackwell*, by a former Wife.
- Mr. *Alexander*. A most Devillish Imperious Wife, and the worst of Step-Mothers.
- Ding-boy. Mr. *Freeman*, A very honest young Maid, Servant to Mrs. *Hackwell*.
- Hop*. Chamber-Maid to *Teresia*.
- Teresia*. A Taylor.
- Mrs. *Knight*, Servants, Footmen, Fidler, Singers, Dancers, Constable and Guards.
- Eugenia*,
Mountford,
Vinifred,
Mrs. *Rogers*,
Clara,
Mrs. *Bracegirdle*,
Mrs. *Hackwell*,
Mrs. *Lee*,
Lettice,
Prudence,
Stitchum,
Mr. *Penketbman*.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Terefia, Eugenia, and Hop.

Hop. **S**O Ladies; 'tis enough this Morning, I must now to your Neighbour, Madam *Hackwell's* Daughter, Madam *Winifred*, she is the finest Lady; Ah, 'twould do a Man's Heart good to have such Schollars.

Teref. Let me dye, if she be not a fine Lady indeed. *Hop puts on his*

Eugen. Lord! Sister, how we differ; I take her to be *Galashoes*, and takes the most Fantastick, Vain, Insolent, Ill-bred foolish *his Cloak and Kitt.* Creature about Town, ——— except your self. *[Aside]*

Teref. Alas! poor Ignorant thing, thou judge, the Country has stupified thee, may I perish else.

Hop. Her Mother is a fine discreet, sober, wise Lady, but her Father-in-Law's a damn'd old Phanatick Collonel of *Cromwell's*, and will not let his own Daughter learn: ——— He says Dancing is Whorish; But thank Heav'n, his Lady wears the Breeches.

Teref. Out on him, old filthy Fellow; Dancing is the prettiest innocent Accomplishment, upon my word, I'll say't.

Hop. Aye Madam, You are in the Right, there is not such another. I hate these damn'd Phanaticks, they wou'd ruin the Nation.

Eugen. You Cutters of Capers have no very good Friends of them indeed. *[Aside.]* Now does this Puppy think Dancing the most considerable thing in the Nation.

Hop. Well, sweet Ladies, your Servant.

Enter Major-General Blunt.

M. G. Bl. Good morrow *Hop.* What, will the Girls pace? Shall we make 'em Amble?

Hop. Your Worship's a merry Man; Sir, I am in haste, *[Exit Hop.]*

M. G. Bl. Well, get thee gone about thy capering Vocation, Well said Wenches, you are early up; bless ye both: *Eugen. and Tere-*

Teref. I wish you Joy of your Birth-day. *sia kneel.*

Eugen. And I Sir, may you see many more happy ones; And live till you shall wish to dye.

M. G. Bl. Well said my Girl.

Teref. I vow, I wish you may live an Hundred Years: I'll swear I do.

M. G. Bl. A Dod Wench, that's not so well, thou stin'st me; 'Tis somewhat of the least: ——— Well, this is my Birth-day.

And my Wedding Day, that joyn'd me to the best of Women, rest her Soul; This Day, I always Celebrate with Jollity and Feasting.

B

Teref.

Teref. Oh pray Sir, let's have Dancing; Oh Lord, I am no body without Dancing, I'll swear.

M. G. Bl. Oh Lord, you shall have Dancing: [Mimicking her.]

But what need you affect, and drawl out your words so, like a waiting Woman, run over with Green-Sickness and Romance.

Teref. Are you angry with a Grace in Speech?

M. G. Bl. Grace! A Dod, it is a Disgrace; can't you speak as you were taught? But come on, I'll do my Duty to you both: For you I have left my dear Country Life, my sweet and fragrant Air; with plain, natural and honest Company, for Essence of Sinks and Common-Shoars, for subtle Artificial Knaves, Ambitious Covetous Villains, who would sell their very Country for Money, or a Title added to that of Villain.

Eugen. A sad Exchange for me, who love nothing like the freshness, ease and silence of the Country, to endure the Stinks, the rattling noise, and Tumult of the Town.

Teref. Poor thing; The Country Life's a pretty Life for a Dairy-Maid; but for a fine Lady, there's nothing like this delicious Town: And I'll say't, *Hockley in the Hole* here is sweeter than a Grove of *Jessamin* in the Country; Oh there is nothing in this World like *London*.

M. G. Bl. For Whores by'r Lady, among the Coxcombs and the Beaus, *London*! They live not here the Life of Nature; 'tis all Art and Trick; every thing is put on, and Foppery.

Teref. The Life of Nature? that's for Beasts.

M. G. Bl. Beasts! By the Lord *Harry*, Fops are below Beasts. Who ever knew a Beast a Fop; Nature never makes one, 'tis Affectation, which never is among Beasts.

Eugen. Who that has Sense or Vertue, could endure the piteous Dullness of new Plays, the Idleness of *Basset* and *Comet*; the most provoking Impertinence of how do you's, and visiting Days, with Tea Tables.

Teref. Oh Lord! Speak against *Basset*, *Comet*, and visiting days, and Tea Tables; I pity thee, poor Country thing: Thanks to my dear Aunt, that gave me *London* Breeding: I'll say't, 'twas a Portion, let me die else.

M. G. Bl. Come dear *Eugenia*, thou hast Sense.

Teref. She Sense, hi, hi, hi, hi, Country Sense,

M. G. Bl. Yes, that she has, hi, hi, hi, hi, Country Sense is better than *London* Impudence; I cannot say thy Aunt has corrupted thee; for by the Lord *Harry*, there must be a strong Root of Folly in thee, to grow to this.

Teref. Aye Sir, you may say what you please.

M. G. Bl. But come *Teresia*, this is not my Business; I am resolv'd to do well by both of ye; — I have a pretty good Estate, and might have had a Thousand Pound a Year more, but that I must fly from the *University* footstool, to run a Cavaliering, and so to have the honour to be flung from one jail into another, and be sequester'd, and Decimated, after being run, and shot through, and hack'd to some purpose for my Loyalty.

Eugen. No Man ever signalized his Courage and his Sufferings more than you: The Name of *Major General Blunt* will be remembered.

M. G. Bl.

M. G. Bl. And I got well by't Adod, no more of that ; — I am come up to this *Smithfield*, like a Horse-Courser, to put off a Brace of Fillies, in this Market of Matrimony ; I am resolv'd to dispose of ye very soon, that I may go down and live, and breath again.

Eugen. Sir, I am not so fond of parting with so good a Father, 'tis time enough.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, 'tis high time, Wenches ; don't I know y'are full ripe ; and when y'are so, ye nothing but think and dream of Fellows, all of ye ; A Dod ye do.

Teref. Oh Lord, I think and dream of Fellows ; hi, hi, hi, hi. I'll swear it is the least of my Thoughts, hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. G. Bl. I'll swear you lye ; hi, hi, hi, hi, 'tis the greatest of your Thoughts ; hi, hi, hi, hi, what a Pox, do you laugh when there is no Jest.

Teref. Smiling and laughing becomes ones Face.

M. G. Bl. What Laughter that's put on, and affected, it provokes to Vomit : what a Devil is this playing with a Fan, and falling back, and pulling up your Breasts, and thrusting out your Bumm, and tossing your Head, and distorting of your Body, and being more Antick than an Ape.

Teref. Say what you please Sir, I can never be put out of Love with a good Mien and Air, and Graceful Deportment, good breeding, and such things : With your Pardon Sir, you love Rusticity, I vow you do.

M. G. Bl. I love Nature, and hate Affectation, I vow I do ; well, 'tis in vain to strive to cure a Fop : Here is near hand a Parallel for you ; Colonel *Hackwell's* Wives, Daughter *Winifred*.

Teref. All the World says, one of the finest bred Ladies in Town, I'll say't they do ; who but Madam *Winifred*, let me dye.

M. G. Bl. And for thee my Girl, there's his Daughter.

Eugen. I never knew a young Lady of such Wit, Modesty and Discretion, in my Life ; nor one whom I cou'd wish so much to make a Friend of.

Teref. Nay, you are right now I'll swear, hi, hi, hi, hi, a poor Ignorant ill-bred Tit ; I'll say't she knows nothing of the Beau Mond, as Sir *Foppling* says.

M. G. Bl. What an Authors that ? A dod she is a provoking Jade

Teref. An Author ; for my part, a Company of ill-dress'd Slovenly Course bred Fellows may laugh at him, but I'll say't, 'tis the best Character of a fine accomplit Gentleman that e're I saw in a Play ; and Madam *Winifred*, my dear Friend, is in my Mind.

M. G. Bl. Ounds, I have much ado to forbear kicking her ; But I'll contain.

[*Aside.*
Come Wenches, this is nothing to my purpose ; I am resolv'd to marry you out of hand, and will be so kind to you both to let you choose, if they be Gentlemen, and with indifferent Fortunes, and no blemish of baseness ; ye shall have 'em : Come on Girls, deal plainly and honestly with your Father ; A dod do, hah.

Teref. Hi, hi, hi, hi, O Lord Sir, do you think I love a Fellow? Hi, hi, hi, hi, I hate Fellows, I vow Sir, O Lord, I.

M. G. Bl. Fox on her, I cou'd wring her Neck off; what! do yo hate Beau's?

Teref. Indeed the Beau's are the finest Gentlemen; I would not give a Farthing for one that is not a Beau.

M. G. Bl. Set thy Heart at rest; by the Lord *Harry*, thou shalt have a Beau.

Teref. I have one! Oh Lord, do not think so meanly of me, to imagine I am in Love; who e're has a mind to me, I'll make him dye for me,

Eugen. Name Sir *Nicholas Dainty*.

M. G. Bl. What think you of Sir *Nicholas Dainty*; he is the top of all the Beau's and Coxcombs of the Park, and Play-house.

Teref. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! All the World says he is the finest Gentleman in *England*; the most curious Dress, the finest Air, and the gallantest Mien; let me dye, all the World, every body says it; but I can't love any Fellow, alas, most of the Beau's Ogle and Dye for me now, and I mind 'em no more than my little Dog *Venny*. [*Aside.*] Oh how happy shou'd I be in the Arms of that delicate, perfect, most accomplished, sweet Sir *Nicholas*.

M. G. Bl. Thou hast hit her right; what a rare Match 'twoud be, better one House than two troubled with them; I was his Guardian, and I know by him, there is no more turning of a Fop into a Man of Sense, than of an Owl into a Nightingale. He has a good Estate, *Teresia*; But pray let me see, Dad he is going a Volunteer this Campaigne.

Teref. Oh Heaven and Earth! a Volunteer; I dye, I dye: [*She faints.*]

M. G. Bl. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Eugen. Why Sister, what ailst thou?

Teref. Oh Lord! A Volunteer

[*Aside.*]

Nothing but Wind upon my Stomach, with staying so long for my Breakfast.—I'll retire Sir; Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Oh Lord, a Volunteer! I cannot out-live it.

[Exit. *Teresia*, *Eugenia*.]

M. G. Bl. Step in with her,, and return instantly;

What Prodigy is this? Was ever Creature so different, from Father and Mother, and Sister; by the Lord *Harry*, I shall begin to believe the old Tales of Fairies changing Children in the Cradles; by'r Lady they have sent me a damn'd Fantastick Fairy: —Come my *Eugenia*, thou art the Darling of my Heart, the Image of thy dead Mother.

Enter Eugenia.

Eugen. I should be happy to deserve the Favour, and that Character.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, out upon Complement, A dost thou dost; come on, be plain and honest, no trifling; tell me what Gentleman dost thou like best of all thou hast seen at *London*.

Eugen. I know you too well to dissemble with you, or conceal any thing from you, which you require meto let you know; Young Collonel *Hackwel*
our

our Neighbour, the old Collonel's Son ; is the most agreeable Person of a Man, the best bred, and of the best sence I have seen : And I observe all Men of good Reputation, give him an excellent Character.

M. G. Bl. Faith VVench, let me kiss thee for that : He is the prettiest young Fellow in *England*, an understanding wiseyoung Fellow, as much VVit as any Man, well tempered, of great Honour, in great Favour with the Kings ; he has done VVonders in the VVar of *Ireland* ; he has gotten much Reputation, but no black Cattle ; and adod Girl, he is as brave a Fellow as my self ; There is as much difference between thy Choice and hers, as between an Eagle and a Jay.

Eugen. But Sir, All this is not to the Point, for he cannot be thought of for a Husband by you : For his Father, by the Indignation of his second Wife, has turned him off, and is resolved to disinheric him,

M. G. Bl. That ever that old Blockheaded Round head shou'd fight for Liberty ; and I'll tell thee VVench, I shall ne're forget him ; we have had Rubbers, and adod he is a plaguy Fellow. I have had his dam d long Tuck in my Body, and this Fellow, to sneak to a confounded, silly, Fantastick, ugly, old second VVife ; the most termagant Jade in *Christendom* : But my poor *Eugenia*, if his Son had no Fortune, hee'd hew himself out one with his Sword, under so brave, and magnanimous a King : If not for thy sake, I'd give him one, to make thee happy, but Fifteen Hundred Pound a Year is intailed upon him.

Eugen. I can scarce forbear to worship so good a Father : And on my Knees, I humbly thank you for your kind intention : Pray think it no timemodest, if I ingenuously confesse I love this Man more than Liberty or Light, or all that this VWorld holds dear, or valuable : I could with him waste all my Life in VVants, in Rags, and in a Desert.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, a brave VVench, blush not 'tis no shame to love a Gallant Fellow, 'tis natural to love, and 'tis a Disease not to be Subject to it : But let me see, there is something to be considered, will he love ye, hah, adod hah.

Eugen. Be pleased to peruse those billets, I would to have been lost for ever, e're I woud have proceeded farther without your leave ; in these you'll find him Honourable, Sir.

M. G. Blunt, Ha ! Let me see your Excellent Beauty, Incomparable VVit and Vertue, Passion, Transport, Honour, Right, a dod, thus it was when I was a young Fellow : ah VVench, I shall never forget I was ; ah, well, I say no more : Let me see, to begin at your Father, wou'd look like Imposition, yet without his consent. I must resolve to be miserable : by my Honour, a pretty young Fellow. This way of proceeding shews I have most Honour for the Daughter, the other would expresse more for the Father.

Eugen. You have lighted upon the first ; I have answer'd none, nor ever would, without your Consent.

Enter Coll. Hackwell jun. and Mr. Welford.

M. G. Bl. Cods my life, see who's here ? The very man.

Eugen. Give me my Biller Sir, [*She snatches the paper and runs out.*

Hack. jun. Fair Lady, do you fly for the same.

M. G. Bl. These Cunning young Wenches wo't not be seen undrest, till it be too late to millike 'em.

Hack. jun. I come to wait on you, my Noble Major General, to give you joy of your Birth-day; and I wish you all the happiness Mankind is Capable of.

M. G. Bl. Thank ye heartily, young fellow.

Hack. jun. Sir this Friend of mine, who is a man of honour, and I dare say, you'll think worthy of your Acquaintance, desires the honour of it, 'Tis Mr. Welford.

M. G. Bl. The brave Volunteer, who has not heard your name ? Y'are welcome, I am your Servant.

Welf. If any thing could make me proud, it would be praise from so brave a Souldier, and so great a Patriot.

M. G. Bl. Praise ! A Gentleman who maintains Twenty well appointed Horsemen at his own Charge ; and serves a private man among 'st 'em, deserves praise from every brave fellow, and true *English* man ; you must Dine with me to day, both of yee, Adod I love brave young fellows, the noise of War fires my old Blood, methinks I long to be amongst you.

Hack. jun. You have shewn such Gallantry, as we can but faintly Copy after.

M. G. Bl. Well, I have seen Action in my time, and have swing'd and been swing'd, by my hilts I have : I have been shot and run thorough, and cut in the head and face, for a Cause not half so great as this : These knocks give me such Remembrance, that my old Carcase will not suffice my mind ; ——— It wonot be

Hack. jun. The thought would perplex a man, to find, that a Cottage upon a Common may be sustained from Age to Age ; and these poor frail tenements, must drop for all the Reparations we can make.

Welf. Gallant old Soldiers, have nothing to do, but to be as easie as they can, and live and enjoy the same, they Nobly wone.

M. G. Bl. A Dod it is a kind of Chewing the Cud upon honour ; Faith young fellows, if this Carcase wou'd serve my mind, I'de not be the hindmost, by the Lord Harry ; War was another thing in my time, we fought and push'd it on, as troth you did well in *Ireland*, Now your *French* Trick is to lie secured in passes, and not fight.

Hack. jun. But delay like a Chancery Suite to undo the Plaintiffs pursestrings.

M. G. Bl. 'Tis not shot bags, but money bags that do Grand *Lewis* his Business ; but come on young fellow, how stand matters between your Father and you.

Hack.

Hack. jun. In a most forlorn Condition.

Welf. Dear *Tom*, I'll go to him about that Business and meet as appointed.

Hack. ju. You'll find it in vain, There is no Creature so obstinate as a Godly Man.

M. G. Bl. Sir, your Servant, fail not at Two, at Dinner.

Welf. Sir, your most humble Servant, I will not [Exit *Welf.*

Hack. jun. That's as brave a Gentleman as e're drew Sword; I have seen him, in Clouds of Smoak, and Showers of Bullets, as Fearless as if he were Invulnerable; He refuses all command and takes all the Duty and Fatigue of a Centry upon him; and spends a thousand pound a Year among Sick and wanting Soldiers, and fares plainly himself.

M. G. Bl. He has the Spirit of *Cato*, brave *Cato*, *Monstrat tolerare labores non jubet*, such a Volunteer ought to be honour'd. Now a Company of fluttering Fops, think of nothing but living well in a Camp. A dod, one Dragoon's worth 40 such.

Hack. jun. To say the Truth, Instead of hardship, toil, abstinence, we have Introduced in Camps, Softness, Effiminacy and Luxury, and such Extravagance in Cloaths and Equipage.

M. G. Bl. A Damn'd French Invention to undo men, and make them absolutely depend like Slaves, as the *Fanizaries* did once upon the *Turks*. But look thee, to our Business, Your Father Dines with me to day. I know he has turn'd you out of doors; and in the first place, no Complements, but it shall be a Mortal Quarrel between us, if you send not your Goods and Servants hither, and make my house your own.

Hack. jun. Sir, You.

M. G. Bl. Look you young fellow, answer me not, but with your Leg; But do what I say, A dod I will have it so.

Hack. jun. He's always in Earnest.

Aside.] Oh, most surprizing Joy, to be in the house with my Mistress; I'll shortly reveal my love to him.

M. G. Bl. That Mother in Law of thine, is a Confounded Jade, and I believe given to stumble much; there is an odd fellow keeps her Company.

Hack. juu. She calls him Cozen, his name is *Nickum*.

M. G. Bl. Aye *Nickum*! what is that fellow, *Nickum*.

Hack. jun. He was a Notorious Sharper, and now he swells his pocket for him.

M. G. Bl. Sharper! A pox on that new name, The old one is Rogue and Cheat are better, Dod I hate mincing; so Miss is a pretty new name; Miss with a pox! Is not the old one Where better, Miss with the Devils name; Where I say, There is a Sister in Law for thee; a damn'd affected foolish Jade; they say the young fellow calls her scornful Lady.

Hack. jun. Insolent enough of all Conscience, and affected to Nauseousness.

M. G. Bl. Dod, thou wilt live to see her take up with a Groom or some pitiful fellow.

Hack. jun. Truly she is somewhat liable.

M. G. Bl. But thy own Sister, is the very Reverse of her, but come lets into

my Dressing Room and Consult about matters, and then we'll walk in the Park.

Hack. jun. 'Tis delicate weather; every body will be there. [*Exit. M. G. Blunt and Hack. jun.*]

SCENE II.

Coll. Hackwells House.

Enter Winifred and Hop.

Hop. **N**OW sweet Madam *Winifred*, this Room is private, no more dancing, Oh Love, Divine Love.

Win. Get you gone you naughty Man, sure you used Witchcraft, I that have scorn'd all the young fellows in the Town, and used em like Dogs, to be caught with you. { *She pats him on the Face.*

Hop. Indeed Madam *Winifred* 'tis your great Goodness and no desert of mine

Win. Ah, that dear Kit, and plaid upon by those Fingers, 'twas that won upon me first, let me Die, Oh you make the finest musick of that pretty Kit.

Hop. Hift, hift, some body comes, fa, la, la, la, Coupee, fa, la, la, round freight.

Enter Prudence.

Pru. Madam, *Teresa*, desires your Ladiship wou'd favour her with your Company to St. James's Park this forenoon.

Win. Go tell my Dear, I'll not fail; ——— She is the finest Lady in the Universe I'll vow. [*Exit Prudence.*

Hop. Not when Madam *Winifred* is by. { *Enter Clara unseen and unheard.*

Win. Go, go, get you gone, let me dye you have the Charmingst way with you.

Clara Is this learning to Dance! very pretty! is all her haughty Insolence and scorn come to this.

Hop. Dear sweet Lady of my Life, when shall our two half broad pieces meet? I have a Minister ready at an hours time to joyn 'em; this day we shall all be merry at Major General *Blunts*, we may easily drop out, ——— Hah, who's here? Madam, pray mind, fa, la, la, la, Lord you are careless.

Clara. What reason is there, this fellow shou'd not be Hamstring'd; but I'll take no notice, her fence and breeding is fit for none but a Cut-Caper.

Hop. Nay whether do you turn; why dont you mind me.

Clara. Mathinks Mr. *Hop*, she does mind you; and is much improved by your Instructions.

Win.

Win. Well, what's that to you what I am ; what did you come to listen ; must I have such a one as you to be a spie upon me *Mrs. Malapert.*

Clara. Breedings a good thing Sister ; a very good thing.

Win. Breeding, Thou talkest of Breeding, why thou canst not walk a Corant poor thing ; — You breeding and never learnt to dance.

Hop. Breeding without dancing.

Exit Hop.

Clara. Breeding is in the head, not in the foot Sister.

Win. Come, come Mistress ; I'll not be used thus ; I that have been preferred all the best and finest Gentlemen about the Town, who die for me ; and to be suspected for my Dancing Master.

Clara. The Innocent ne're fear suspicion.

Win. That is as much as to say, I am not innocent ; you are, I know what you are ; marry come up ? I'll not endure it.

Clara. You make me smile.

Enter Mrs. Hackwel.

Mrs. Hack. How now what's the matter ?

Win. Am I born to be abused by that Family ; Heres *Mrs. Pert* — must listen and watch, and be a Spie upon me, as if she suspected my being alone with a Dancing Master.

Mrs. Hack. Hufwife ! how dare you treat my Daughter thus, 'tis sawcy in you ; shall I be perpetually affronted by your Paltry brood : I have gotten rid of one, and the other shall out suddainly, must we have Spies upon us forsooth, marry come up Minx.

Clara. Ill words shall not make me forget my duty to my Fathers Wife.

Mrs. Hack. Your Fathers Wife Impudence ; what is that Fathers Wife of kinto you ?

Clara. My true Stepmother.

Mrs. Hack. Stepmother ! Hey day ! there's a name, I shall have fine titles by and by : *Mrs. Spie*, I'll spoil your Office.

Clara. I scorn the Office ; but Madam, the Innocent fear no Spies.

Mrs. Hack. Oh most Audacious, tell me of the Innocent !

Win. Have I scorn'd all the fellows of the Town, that have Ogled me and Written Billers.

Mrs. Hack. Aye, aye, and those that die for her now ; tho' I must confess it is a fault.

Win. Don't I hate all the filthy fellows ?

Mrs. Hack. And use em with all the Contempt Imaginable.

Win. To be watched when I am alone with a Dancing Master.

Mrs. Hack. Aye, aye, to be watch'd with a Dancing Master, he poor fellow.

Win. Nay, not such a poor fellow neither, the man's a pretty man, a very pretty man, but for my Vertue ; my Monour to be questioned.

Mrs. Hack. If my Cozin *Nickum* comes to see me ; we must be watch'd, and you must pop in and out forsooth ; — and he is as fine a Gentleman as the Sun shines upon.

Clara. Oh my poor deluded Father, to be abused by a Rascal, Cheat and Rook.

Mrs. Hack. Come on Hufwife; I'll not endure this under my roof.

Clara How Innocence can smile at accusation.

Enter Coll. Hackwell, senor.

Hack. sen. Who has offended thee my dear Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. One that always will, am I and mine born to be affronted perpetually by your brood here.

Coll. Hack. sen. I am sorry dear Lamb, but what's the matter?

Mrs. Hack. Good Lack! what's the matter? As if I cou'd not tell when I was affronted; but you must judge.

Win. As if we did not know, when we were abus'd, huh.

Hack. sen. Look thee, I profess Lamb I am sore afflicted at these things; but we are one Flesh, and thou art dearer to me than all the World, I will cleave unto thee.

Mrs. Hack. Cleave quoth he! She listens and watches when my Daughters alone with her Dancing Master; as if she wou'd be naught with him. Must my Daughter be suspected?

Nay, she has the Impudence if any Gentleman (as my Cozen Nickum or so comes to wait upon me) to spy and listen, must my Vertue, my known Vertue be once in Suspition.

Hack. sen. Look thee lamb! I beseech thee weep not dear lamb, verily none can be so wicked to suspect such known vertue; I profess Clara, I am incens'd against thee, yea greatly incens'd.

Clara. I have been used to bear, and for your sake I can do it.

Mrs. Hack. Most audacious! She smiles and laughs at us.

Clara. Let Guilt look dejected, Innocence will smile.

Mrs. Hack. In short, I am resolv'd not to be under the same roof with her; your wicked Son and she, have made me weary of my life.

Hack. sen. Verily, thou art unto me my lamb, as the Apple of my Eye, and in truth Clara, I am greatly moved in Spirit, and I am resolved for the quiet of thy good Mother to dispose of thee, but first I'll seek the Lord upon it.

Mrs. Hack. Tell me of seeking; seek me no Body, but do it.

Enter Mr. Welford.

Clara I have born this Tyranny long enough; Thank Heaven I have a Fortune of my own; and will take care to dispose of my self. *Exit Clara.*

Welf. Heav'n grant it were to me; by the world she is an Angel, I never saw killing beauty, till this Instant.

Win. What fellow's that? But I must go to my dear, and walk with her in the Park: She sent to me. *Exit Winifred.*

Welf. Is this my Friends Sister, hah, I had forgotten.

Hack. sen. Who are you, Sir? have you ought with me?

Welf. I have, if you be Collonel Hackwell somewhat which concerns you.

Hack. sen. Men are wont to call me so; Is it about the Linnen Manufacture.

Welf. Ha! this Godly old fellow, is of the honest Vocation of Stock-jobbing—(Aside)—No it is not.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hack. The Glas

Welf. No.

Hack. sen. The Copper:

Welf. No.

Hack. sen. The Tinn.

Welf. No.

Mrs. Hack. The Divers.

Welf. No.

Hack. sen. Oh the Paper:

Welf. None of these:

Mrs. Hack. It must be the Dippers; who will make Sarcenet keep out rain like Drap de Berry.

Welf. None of all these, nor no wager about the retaking of Mons, Phillipsburgh, Montmelian; Nor Invading of France by the first of August, none of all these, but some private business wherein I desire your care alone.

Mrs. Hack. What would you part Man and Wife?

Welf. No, If I had that Dispensing power, I would mend all the High ways in England; Repair the Old, and Erect New Bridges every where; and build Churches Innumerable.

Hack. sen. And Hospitals.

Welf. Not one, that's your City Custom, to cheat all their lives time; And give away what they have gotten from the Right owners, to the founding or increasing of an Hospital; besides I like not the Charity of making half a score Knaves live Luxuriously, and the poor who should be releiv'd to live miserably under them. But to my business which is not so fit for your ear Madam.

Mrs. Hack. I hope it is not Obscene Sir?

Hack. sen. I profess that is not fit for my eares then; but look ye Sir, my Lamb and I, are one Flesh.

Mrs. Hack. Do you think there is a secret of Mr. Hackwell that is not mine.

Hack. sen. Not one verily.

Welf. Sure this Fellow could never be my Friends Father, pray heav'n his Mother was honest.

Enter Nickum.

Mrs. Hack. Wellcom dear Cozen Nickum

Hack. sen. Good morning Cozen

Nickum Your most humble Servant.

Mrs. Hack. Well Sir, No whispering, I must and will hear all my husbands business.

Welf. Oh breeding and modesty whither are you flown, well then, I may plead my Cause in the Face of open day; and in the greatest Assembly, Sir, you have a Son:

Hack. sen. I have, what then, would he had Grace.

Welf. I don't know what you call Grace; but he has as much Vertue and Honour, as any Gentleman living:

Hack. sen. Vertue and Honour will bring him but to hell.

Mrs Hack. He vertue and honour.

Welf. Yes Madam, the world knows it, loudly speaks of it, for my part I think it my grèatestt honour to be call'd his Freind.

Hack. *sm.* But what's all this to me?

Welf. 'Tis to your honour; he is greatly favoured by the King, extream-beloved by the People, much esteem'd by the Generals, adored by the Soldiers, and has won immortal honour in the Reduction of Ireland; he never speaks of you without Love and Reverence, and wou'd give all the world to be in your Favour, no Parent yet, e're had a Son of greater Piety, and you to turn him off.

Hack. *sen.* I profess to you, I do not think it fit for one who has liv'd 68 Years to take advice of one without a beard.

Mrs Hack. What have you to do with us? pray sweet Sir, go your ways and meddle with your matters.

Welf. I have been told ye were stout and behav'd your self bravely in the Civil War.

Hack. *sen.* Indeed I must confess I was not wont to fly before the face of an Enemy in that day.

Welf. Methinks this should make you love and cherish a brave fellow that sprung from you, besides, what will Mankind say of you, for using him so ill, whom they like so well.

Hack. *sen.* The Righteous fear not the Censures of the Wicked, he has been disobedient and disrespectful to my dear Lamb,

Welf. *aside?* Lamb with a pox, why does not he call her Yew:

to him. } He is too much a well bred Man, and a Man of honour. to be guilty of that.

Mrs Hack. Sir, I cannot but wonder at your Impudence, out of my doors he is a Scurvy, Sawcy, Scandalous Fellow.

Welf. death Madam, I wou'd not hear a Man say so.

Nickum. What if you thou'd Sir?

Welf. Why, I wou'd pull him by the nose, if you please I will shew you how.

Nickum. Do you know who I am?

Welf. You are now a fellow with a whole face, but if you dare speak one ill word of my Friend, you shall be a fellow with a flasht face.

Nickum } Dare Sir?

Hack. *sen.* } Mrs. Hack. So, very fine, he must send his Heedors to affront us, and our Freinds; Avaunt, get the out of my doors Bully.

Nickum. Dare, — Let me go, Hilt and Blades.

Hack. *sen.* What is your name?

Welf. My name is Welford.

Nickum. Hah! what a Devil, the Volunteer that's so talked of. Oonds he'll whip me through in the twinkling of an eye, I will retire. [He sneaks out]

Hack. *sen.* Look you Mr. Welford, put me not to use the Carnal weapon in my defence, but leave me.

Welf

Welf. Mistake me not Sir, I come to you with all the respect imaginable; and I am sorry I have offended, your humble Servant [Exit *Welford*.]

Mrs. Hack. Rude Fellow, impudent Hector, do you see my Duck; What a Bully he has sent to you, 'twas a Mercy my Cozen was here; He might have assassinated you, your wicked Son is grown to the height of Impiety, I am afraid of thy dear Life, poor Duckling.

Hack. Sen. Ah my poor Lamb, thou art a dear sweet Creature.

Enter Nickum.

Nick. Is the Rogue, the Scoundrel gone?

Mrs. Hack. Indeed Duckling we are mightily obliged to my Cozen *Nickum*.

Nick. This Rascal put me into such a passion, I was afraid I must have kill'd him before your Faces, and that he had been Uncivil: This made me retire.

Hack. Sen. I do not know whether this Man be stout or no; but I remember in the War we always used to beat these Blufferers most exceedingly.

Nick. But I'll reckon with the Bully another time.

Hack. Sen. Hold Cozen, desist from that Resolution; for I say unto you: and verily I speak it in knowledge, that all Man-slaying, unless it be Defensive, or for the Faith is unlawful.

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, Here are a great many wait in the Parlour to speak with you about the Manufacture.

Hack. Sen. I go, — Good morrow Lamb. [Ex. *Hack. Sen.* and *Lettice*.]

Mrs. Hack. Now we shall enjoy our selves without Interruption; My dear Pigsny, let us triumph, I have gain'd an absolute Victory, the next thing is to make him settle his Estate (that is not entailed) as I please, or no quiet, no sleep shall be known to him, and I warrant thee Dear I'll do't A Woman, if she has Wit and Industry, and will watch his Blind sides, and attack 'em, never fails of her Ends upon her Husband.

Ever since Grandam Eve, I dare maintain,
A Husband with his Wife contends in vain,
For she at length her point will always gain.

Nick. Gallants, take warning by me, how shall I be persecuted,
Fly an Intrigue with any old Man's Wife,
For trust me 'tis a sad laborious Life,

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir *Nicholas Dainty*, and Sir *Timothy Kastril*, with Foot-Men behind them.

Sir *Nich.* **S**IR *Timothy Kastril*, I kiss your Hands.

Sir *Tim.* Sir *Nicholas Dainty*, I am your most humble Servant.

Sir *Nich.* 'Tis a fine fresh Morning, we shall have all the Beauties here to be frost nip't. Sir *Tim.*

Sir Tim. Cods my Life, I am comenot without my Billets Doux : What a Devil shall I do, I shan't be able to talk with a Beau all day : Here, Sirrah, Jack, go to the Blockhead my *Valet de Chambre*, and ask him why he was such a Son of a VVhore, to let me come out without my Billets Doux ; go and fetch them, run all the way.

Sir Nich. O fie, Come abroad with your Billets ; I don't look upon my self as drest, till I have put them up. But the Ladies do so persecute me, that damme if I be not weary of the Fatigue of answering them : I think I must keep a Secretary, I keep Grifons Fellows out of Livery, privately for nothing, but to carry Answers.

Sir Tim. VVhat wou'd he say, if he had my trouble ; for I Gad I write
Afide. abundance of mine, and answer 'em too my self ; for a Man must not be out-done in Billets, by any Brother Beau : Hah ! I have found 'em, they are in my little Pocket.

Sir Nich. See what a Parcel I have received this Morning : It cost me Three Hours answering of 'em ; for you know a Man must write handsomely, and like a Gentleman.

Sir Tim. Thank Heav'n, I have as pretty a knack with my Pen as another.

Sir Nich. Hear this, ——— [Reads.]

If you knew how I languish for want of your Conversation, you wou'd be so kind as to afford it me this Afternoon, at Three a Clock, when all our People will be abroad, and I keep my Bed on purpose. — Yours entirely.

[He speaks.] This is from a Courtessie.

Sir Tim. And do you go, Sir Nicky ?

Sir Nich. Dam me : I sent an Excuse, I am not in Love with any Ladies, I only desire that they may fall in Love with me, that's all : And 'tis hard for 'em to scap. my Dress, and a certain languishing way I have of Ogling thus. — hah !

Sir Tim. Very well, the Devil take, — Gad I must learn that look.

Sir Nich. Look you thus :

Sir Tim. Aye, thus, thus ; is that pretty well ?

Sir Nich. You must come to my Chamber, and practise a Mornings at my Glafs [Afide.] But 'twill never do well with his Complexion ; he is but a very Olive, coloured Beau.

Sir Tim. I'll do't, but pray hear one of my Billets.

'Tis from Mrs. Winifred.

Sir Nich. Who the scornful Lady, that despises Fellows, as she calls us.

Sir Tim. The same, let me perish else ; she is desperately in Love with me : I thought indeed there was somewhat in it, she gives me such familiar Names, when I address to her.

Sir Nich. Yes, Puppy and Fool, and Impudence, are familiar Names : Let me die.

Sir Tim. Aye, so they are ; but see what she says.

Sir Nich. No Man has so great a share in my Heart, as Sir Timothy Kastil, and I'll give you leave to improve it : she ends well.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Hah! Is it not very well? hah!

Sir Nich. Poor Sir Timothy, the Wits will play the Rogues with him, and Counterfeit Letters from all the Beauties, and he believes every thing; Lord, that Men shou'd be so conceited! but see here's a Biller from a Beauty indeed.

I was so much surpriz'd at the News of your going a Volunteer, that I found, and thought I shou'd never recover it: And if you continue that Resolution, you will most certainly break the Heart of, Your Admirer.

Sir Tim. Now you shall see one of mine.

Sir Nich. Here's another.

Sir Tim. Hold, here's a very pretty one.

Sir Nich. Let me see, here's one from the finest Lady in the Town.

[*Ladies in Masques, crossing the Stage.*]

Hold, the Ladies come, some by my Appointment.

Sir Tim. I appointed some.

Sir Nich. How does my Complexion look? I am afraid I have been cheated of my cold Cream of late.

Sir Tim. Exceeding well, how does mine?

Sir Nich. I believe you are not well to day: you do not look well.

Sir Tim. I am not well indeed, but I am sure I look well: Sir Nicholas

[*Aside,*] is a pretty Gentleman, but he is so conceited, and will allow no Man to look well but himself.

The Ladies again:

[*Ladies pass over again.*]

Sir Nich. They are nimble footed, and expect a Chafe.

Sir Tim. Let's run, and board 'em.

Sir Nich. I cannot run, it doe, so disorder ones Perewig, and Cravat-fring, but I'll be up with you. [*Sir Tim. runs, and Sir Nich. shuffles after him*]
Enter Coll. Hackwell, Jun. and Welford, as Sir Nich. and Sir Tim. are going off.

Hack Jun. Do you see who are yonder in pursuit of the Vizors?

My Volunteer, and a Bacon-fac'd Beau with him.

Welf. I can think of nothing but thy dear sweet incomparable Sister:

Hack Jun. You do her a great deal of honour, and I can think no Alliance so happy as yours, though you are mine already by a stronger tie, by that of Friendship.

Welf. My Friendship to you, nothing can increase or lessen: but oh your Sisters Eyes; no Dart e're flew so quick, or wounded yet so fatally: I feel 'em here.

Hack Jun. There is no danger of that Wound, my Life for yours I'll mould her to your wish.

Welf. Such another word wou'd make me worship thee: I have safely gaz'd and star'd on other Beauties of the Town; but the first view of her, like Lightning, stroke me, were I not engag'd in honour this Campaigne, I wou'd stay and live, and dye beneath her Feet.

Hack Jun. I wish my Mistress wou'd desire to get a little higher, but I'll tell thee, on a Friends Faith take it, I am not such a Fop, to say, tho' I say't, that

that should not (For I did not make my Sister) she has all the Wit, Modesty, Discretion, good Nature, and sweet temper'd, which a Woman can be capable of, and her beauty is the least Valuable of any quality she has.

Welf. Her beauty is beyond all other Ladies, you see but with a Brothers Eye, I with a Lovers, but thou describest an Angel, I know she might be all that's Excellent.

Hack. jun. Now Friend thou'lt pity me, who am in Love even to desperation: I have told thee I have written to her several times without an Answer, and if I meet her here or any where, I can find no Return, but cold Indifferent Civility, Oh Friend she has all the Excellencies that Heav'n e're gave, or Mortal could receive.

Welf. My Dear Friend, if she be what thou describest, she must, she cannot but Love so brave a fellow, now my dear Tom our Conditions as well as tempers suit to bind us fast to one another.

Aack. jun. VVhich tye, no time, Misfortunes, or Accident but Death can break; I wonder my fair one is not here: Among ten Thousand I can ne're mistake her, she kills at distance. My Sister will certainly be with her, they are the dearest Friends in the world, and always together when they can.

Welf. Something methinks within me, foretells I shall be happy.

Hack. jun. Doubt it not, thou art brave and vertuous, and deserv'st all thou canst aim at.

Enter Major General Blunt.

M. G. Bl. So, so, go on, a dod I love to see two Gallant Fellows embracing 'tis hearty and in earnest, but by the Lord Harry, a Coward cannot be a Friend.

Hack. jun. VVe need no greater honour, than your good opinion:

M. G. Bl. Prithee no Complements, but do you know young fellow that your Sister is even now turn'd out of doors, by thy most Confounded Mother in Law, and is fled to me for Protection, and she has chosen me for her Guardian.

Hack. jun. Had I the Treasure of the Indies, I wou'd trust them all with you, and I will say, she is a Treasure.

M. G. Bl. A dod she is the fairest and best of all her Sex, and I will take more care of her then of a Daughter.

Welf. You are a Man of honour Sir, and 'tis fit I let you know I am most Infinitely in love with her.

M. G. Bl. By my Troth I think thou art in the right on't, 'twill be an Excellent Match. I'll advance it all I can.

Welf. Idye for her.

M. G. Bl. If I were a young fellow, I wou'd not die for her, but I wou'd live for her, A dod I wou'd, I tell thee, that I never knew a Valiant fellow, but he was Amourous and Compassionate, nor a Coward, but he was Cruel and Lustful.

Hack. jun. Your Observations are always just.

M. G. Bl. But come on young Springal, hast thou nere a Mistress, speak, A dod thou art in love too, hah! A dod thou art.

Hack. jun. I am not Considerable enough,

M. G. Bl.

M. G. Bl. Pish ! pox thou talkest like a Gentleman Usher, with White Gloves, Pearl Colour'd silk Stockings, and a Nose-gay; I am not Considerable enough ! by the Lord *Harry*, thou knowest thy worth better.

Hack. jun. When I have ought fit for discovery, you shall be Master of it.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, A dod thou must have a Mistress ; and I warrant if one knew all, thou hast a pretty way of inditing a Billet.

Hack. jun. [*Aside.*] Death, has he discover'd ought, this is a nice point, If I Prevaricate with him, he'll think me a dissembling Knave, and hate me.

M. G. Bl. I see it startles him ———— *Aside.*

Blush not my brave Stripling to be in Love, 'tis a Manly Passion, and none but beasts, or beastly fellows are without it.

Welf. By Heav'n spoken like an Oracle.

M. G. B. I warrant this Young Fellow knows all ; but none of you will trust us Old Fellows, with such secrets.

Enter Teresia, Winifred, Sir Nicholas, and Sir Timothy.

But who are coming this way ? Upon my life two brace of such Fops ; as I'll be your bond-slave, if the whole Mall affords the like, and a Daughter of mine is one of 'em,

Let us step aside.

Welf. 'Tis the featest finical fellow, I ever saw.

M. G. Bl. Adod he is a thing, and not a man, methinks we shou'd not call him he, but it.

Teres. Does your Cruel resolution hold, to go to the War !

Sir Nich. O Lord ; what shou'd you do there ! Let me dye so fine a Person shou'd not be ventur'd.

Sir Nich. Do you hear *Sir Timothy* ———

Honour Madam, Honour must be obey'd

{ *Kicks Sir Timothy on the Shins, he rubs 'em.*

Teres. And Gentle Love be laid aside ? You will break many Ladies hearts.

Sir Nich. No, no, Madam, I, alas, alas, I'm but an Ordinary fellow : But I cannot help it.

Teres. Oh. Cruel man, Can you leave me ?

Sir Tim. Ounds ! he has broke my Shins.

{ *Sir Nich. kicks Sir Tim. on the Shins.*

Teres. One that loves you more than life ; let me dye, I never said so much before : Lord how I blush !

Sir Nich. Me ! no, no, Madam ; You Rally, well may I perish.

Win. Let me dye if you talk, and walk with fellows thus, I'll say't I must leave you ; Oh Lord ! what will become of my Reputation ? What an Impertinent Puppy you are ; I wou'd not be observ'd to talk with such a fellow :

Sir Tim. I'll wait on you in private sweet Madam.

Win. I'll have you kick'd out of doors in publick then, stinking fellow : 'Tis fine indeed, such a fellow as you pretend to me.

Sir Tim. Ha ! what have I done ? ———— *aside:*

Did not you receive an answer to your Billet Madam ?

Win. Oh Lord, what means the Ass.

Sir Tim. Oh Madam, I understand you ; I'll take no notice before Company ; Let me kiss your sweet hand: *She gives him a slap on the Chaps.*

Win. Begone you sawcy Oase, these fellows grow Impudent, if you don't keep them under, but come my dear, or I'll leave you here, oh Lord I talk with fellows.

Sir Tim. Ah, 'tis a dissembling Toad ; I see now she loves me.

Teres. Adieu we must see you at Dinner.

Sir Nich. Aye, Madam [*aside.*] I'll drop this Billet

Teres. What has he dropt ? - Let me see - let me dye { *He drops a Billet out of his Handkerchief, Teresa takes it up.*
It's a Billet Doux, Oh I could tear her heart out
that writ it.

Win. Come, come.

What ugly awkward fellows are these, to my dear heart, my sweet Mr.

Hop. *Exit Teresa and Winifred.*

Sir Nich. You have kissed your Mistress hands by way of a slap of the Chaps.

Sir Tim. 'Twas welcome, I know the Rogue Loves me.

Sir Nich. Oh dear Friend thou mistakest, I love this Lady best of any, but thou shouldst never let a Lady believe thou lovest her, but love and admire thy self ; Damme that's the only way ; they'll be stark mad for thee then.

Sir Tim. Ha ! I'll consider on't, ha ! I admire my self more than any man.

Sir Nich. Oh, here is my Guardian that was, and my Collonel that is to be : My noble Guardian good morning, and joy of your Birth-day : Sir I kiss your hands.

M. G. Bl. Thankye my noble Pupil ; you are the Flower of Civility I'll swear.

Mimicks Sir Nich. Speech and Motion.

Sir Tim. Sir, your most obedient Servant.

M. G. Bl. How dost thou do Knight, You and your Friend Dine with me today.

Sir Nich. The General tells me I shall have the honour to Charge under you : And says you will shew me Play.

Hack, jun. The General does me honour, but he shall always find I will be in Earnest.

Sir Nich. This Sir, Is that noble Person I suppose, who is a Brother Volunteer.

Hack, jun. It is Sir.

Sir Nich. I have been twice at your Lodging to kiss your hands and beg the honour of your Acquaintance.

Welf. You oblige me Sir, And I shou'd be glad to know where to return your Visit.

Sir Nich. I am in St. James' Square, but you must know Sir, we Young Gentlemen of the Town, are so taken up, either with Ladies with us in a morning, or receiving and answering Billets Doux, that it is Improper to have Visits from men at that time ; and in the afternoon we are always hurrying up, and down to the playes, Park, Musick meeting and the like.

Welf. Then I can never repay your favour.

Sir

Sir Nich. Sir, I am every day before dinner, and a while after dinner, at the *Wits Coffee-house*, and I shall be glad to wait on you, and either Dine or Sup.

Welf. Where is that Sir ?

Sir Nich. What Sir, never hear of the *Wits Coffee house* ?

M. G. Bl. How the Devil shou'd any man know the *Wits Coffee house*.

A dod every Man thinks himself a Wit.

Sir Nich. VVhy Sir, there is but one.

M. G. Bl. VVhat is that ? The VVit Office ?

Sir Tim. Yes Sir, we judge of it, it must pass our Censures.

Sir Nich. Or Damnee 'tis no wit, let me tell you that.

M. G. Bl. Are they such wits as you Two.

Sir Tim. Oh Sir, there are great wits besides us Two.

Sir Nich. And we carry all the Town before us, but I beseech you, Coll. when are we to go for *Flanders*.

Hack. jun. As soon as the weather breaks, and a fair wind presents.

My Regiment is Compleat and ready, at an hours warning.

Sir Nich. Dammee, what shall I do ? I must make great haste, I shall no're get my points and laces done up time enough.

M. G. Bl. Ounds ! VVhat say't young Fellow, Points and Laces for Camps ?

Sir Nich. Yes, Points and Laces ; why I carry two *Laundresses* on purpose : Damme, would you have a Gentleman go undress'd in a Camp ? Do you think I wou'd see a Camp, if there we no dressing ? VVhy, I have two Campaign Suits, one trimmed with *Flanders-Lace*, and the other with rich Point.

M. G. Bl. Campaign Suits with Lace and Point ; ha, ha, ha, go thy ways, A dod there is not thy Fellow.

Sir Nich. Plhaw good Guardian, you are for your old fashion'd slovenly VVar, VVar's another thing now ; we must live well in a Camp, that's our business.

M. G. Bl. Live well, A dod you must fight well, that was our business.

Sir Nich. Pray Coll. can you tell me where I may have one that understands the *Blanc Manger* well ? I have a Cook that's excellent at Roasting, Stewing, Baking, Boyling, Biskes, Olio's, Ragoufts and Fricasees.

M. G. Bl. Biskes, Olio's, Ragoufts, and Fricasees, *Blanc Manger*, ha, ha, ha, *Monstrum horrendum*.

Sir Nich. Let him alone Sir ; I kuow you were brave, but the Customs of the VVorld alter ; Sir, I carry as good a Confectioner as any in *England*, Ovens, and all Utensils.

M. G. Bl. Confectioner, ha, ha, ha : By the Lord *Harry*, thou art fit for nothing but Sugar Plums still ; did *Cato* ever dream of Confectioners, and *blanc Manger*.

Sir Nich. I carry all Garden Seeds.

Hack. jun. For what Sir.

Sir Nich. I bought 'em when I thought of going to Sea, to have Sallets growing in Boxes : And now 'tis their business to lye in Camps a good while ; I will have every day fresh Sallets.

M. G. Bl. Ha, ha, ha, Collonel, hold me, Adod I shall drop down with Laughing, fresh Sallets, Ounds, how wilt thou get fresh Sallets for thy Horses? Forrage, Forrage, young Fellow.

Enter Sir Nicholas's Foot-man, and gives him a Billet.

Welf. Though we have a Multitude of luxurious Fops, this Fellow will out-shine Twenty of 'em.

Hack. Jun. A Pox on him, I'll not be troubled with him, I will beg the Favour of the General, to pick him out a Beau Collonel.

Sir Nich. Why look ye now Sir, here's a Billet Doux, I must be gone Sir, at my good Guardians we will Consult about my Equipage. [*Ex. Sir Nich.*]

M. G. Bl. Well, Knight, dost not thou go to the War?

Sir Tim. I, no I thank you, if I do, I'll give 'em leave to ram me into a Cannon, and shoot me out at a Stone Wall: No, thank Heav'n, I am well enough here with the Ladies.

Hack. Jun. What would become of your Country, if every Man were of your Opinion?

Sir Tim. Pugh, There are Magnaminious Fellows enough that love Roaring, Rattling Gun-powder, and Cannon, what a Devil need I go? I have a good Estate, and can pay those Fellows.

M. G. Bl. How should Gentlemen get honour Boy, ha!

Sir Tim. Damme, let them look to that; I have a Title, and am a Knight already.

M. G. Bl. Look thee young Fellow; if I were a desertless Coxcomb, such as thou maist be, and had shewn no Vertue in the World, I had as lieve be burnt in the Hand, as be Knighted.

Hack. Jun. What makes you such an Enemy to this VVar? are you a *Jacobite*?

Sir Tim. No Gad, not I, nor a *Williamite* neither; 'tis all one to me who Reigns, if I can keep my 2000 Pound a Year, and enjoy my self with the Ladies: Look you Gentlemen, I dare do as much as any Man that wears a Head; but VVar does not agree with me, I was so troubled with the Chin-Cough when I was a Child, Gad, I never recovered it, and am so subject to catch Cold ever since; and so troubled with the Tooth-ach, I wou'd not for any Money lie out of my own, unless it be in a Ladies Bed: Then I had the Rickets when I was a Boy, that made me somewhat weakly.

Hack. Jun. Weakly! That's as bad for a Ladies Man, as a Soldier.

Sir Tim. As for Valour, I have enough for my occasions, but are not there idle Rascals, and Scoundrels enough, mercenary Rogues to be had out of Jayls, Streets, High-ways, Dunghills, that can lie cold, march, and pop off a Gun, what need such as I go?

I have an Assignment, and must leave ye.

[*Exit. Sir Tim.*]

M. G. Bl. This Knight ought to be beaten, for talking thus of Soldiers. I was resolv'd to have these Puppies to laugh at, 'tis some variety of Entertainment: Ha! *Tom.* yonders thy Father; he has four or five with him; they look as if they were very full of Revelation; not honest, but Godly Men, farewell till two, pray if you see my Daughter, do you Squire her.

[*Exit. M. G. Bl.*]

Enter

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Welf. See who comes here, and how she shines; and as she passes, guilds the Mall.

Hack. Jun. Madam, your most humble Servant, your Father commanded me to wait you in the Mall, and walk instead of him.

Eugen. I never disobey my Father.

Clara. Brother, your Servant, my sweet Step-Mother has routed me as well as you.

Hack. Jun. I heard so: This Ladies Father told me, Sister, this is my Friend, whom you have heard me speak of so often, Mr. *Welford*, let me recommend him to you, pray use him as my Friend.

Welf. The humblest of your Servants, Madam.

Hack. Jun. { Your Father esteems this Gentleman very much.

Eugenia.

Eugen. My Father speaks the Language of the World.

Welf. He honours me too much, Madam.

Hack. Jun. Will you give us leave to gallant you, and protect you from Beau's: I trust that Gentleman with my Sister, and my noble Friend, your Father, has commanded me to wait on you.

Eugen. With all my Heart; for a Sheep cannot be more afraid of a Wolf, than I am of the Conversations of those vain Fops.

Clara. If one talk with common Civility to one of 'em, he'll swear next turn, he has had a Billet from her; besides their Discourse is most upon the worst of Subjects themselves.

Eugen. They are always admiring themselves, than which, nothing can be more Nauseous.

Hack. Jun. True Madam, when-ever any one is found out to admire himself, the rest of the VWorld will condemn him:

Welf. And yet 'tis a prudent Contrivance of Nature, to make Man over-value himself.

Clara. The greatest part of the VWorld, which are desertless Fops, would live very miserably else.

Welf. That Tetter, Madam, spreads very far, and I shall show you that I have a great share of it, when I have the Confidence to tell you I love you Madam; love you infinitely beyond what all Mankind call dear and precious: The wound you gave was sudden, but 'tis deadly; Here sticks the fatal dart.

Eugen. Nay, If they be at Love matters, 'tis uncivil to be within hearing, let's with-draw some paces.

Clara. This Sir, is such a sudden gust, it is enough to over-set my little Bark.

Welf. 'Tis never to be laid, I know your Character, and I see your person, And 'tis impossible not to love 'till I am blind, or have no memory.

Clara. You surprize me so, I know not what to answer.

Welf. You surpriz'd me so, that you have absolute possession of my heart, where the impression never can be defac'd.

Clara.

Clara. I have too small an opinion of my own deserts, to be easie of belief; I know not well how I should take this discourse at the first meeting; methinks it looks like Battle more than Courtship.

Welf. Alas, how small a portion of Life is allotted to poor love, yet most of that is flung away in Ceremony.

Clara. I am not prepar'd for this kind of Conversation; but you are my Brother's Friend, and I can bear.

Eugen. I have done well to with draw from the danger of hearing Love there, and brought it upon my self here.

Hack. jun. Your Father is generous and compassionate; and sure with that great stock of your own, you must inherit all his Vertues.

Eugen. Cou'd you think that your Bills were to be answered at sight, like *Bills of Exchange*; — What a damp is this talk of Love to Conversation; it puts a stop to all common Sence presently.

Hack. jun. It is the end of all common Sence; and all that art and industry, hazard and toyl can aim at is Love and Beauty, but alas, 'tis Impudence in me to offer Love to you, I am disown'd, an out-cast, with no other Fortune but this Sword.

Eugen. I hope you measure not my Thoughts so meanly, to think that consideration can weigh with me; your merits are equal to any man's; but I have no will, my Father has it in his keeping.

Hack. jun. Divinest Creature! Shall I have your leave to make my address if I can procure his?

Eugen. I have said too much already; come *Clara*, let's walk, let's not be private in a publick place.

Clara. aside. I had peace of mind before; why should I see this man?

Eugen. Unequal custom, that shou'd thus impole upon our Sex, the worst of tasks, Dissembling.

Clara. Pray let us walk; my tender Mother-in-Law, is just at the back of us.

[*Ex. Hack. ju. Welf. Eugen. and Clara.*]

Enter Mrs. Hackwel, Nickum and Lettice.

Mrs. Hack. 'Tis most delicate Weather; the Sun shines as it were *Easter-Day*.

Nick. It does so; but 'tis very cold; Gad I long for some exercise; I hate a damn'd Beau; I han't kickt a Beau this Week.

Let. He hates 'em for having clean Linnen, which he was never us'd to, till my Lady furnish'd him, the more shame for her.

Mrs. Hack. I'll swear if you talk so magnanimously, you'll fright me strangely; I shall fall into a fit for you,

Nick. I beseech you Madam, let me but kick one Beau and i'll be satisfied.

Let. Would I could see it.

Mrs. Hack. Lord, you are so exorbitantly valiant, restrain your Courage I beseech you: besides, this is within the verge of the Court, and if you kick here, you'll lose your foot, I can assure you.

Nick.

Nick. Nay gad, that I would not neither; for I have often occasion for my Feet to kick Fellows.

Let. aside. I believe you have oftner occasion to run away with them.

Nick. Faith I kickt a Knight, last night, up and down like a Foot-ball; nay, I have kickt a Lord in my time.

Mrs. Hack. Dear Cousin, you are the most fiery Person; I shall be in a perpetual fright for you.

Nick. Ods my life, yonder's that Scoundrel *Welford*, let me but go and whifper him, and take him out of the Park, and in the twinkling of an Eye, I'll whip him through the Lungs, and kiss your hands again.

Mrs. Hack. Ye shall not stir, I'll hang upon you.

Let. You may let him go, I warrant him, he'll not stir for that.

Mrs. Hack. Go, I won't love you now.

Let. Must the poor Collonel, and his sweet Sister, the best Creatures that e'er were born, be turn'd out of the House for this Rascal, that's the main reason; but I'll bring it home upon the infamous Couple one day.

Enter M. G. Blunt, Coll. Hackwell, sen, and after three or four Fellows in craps Hair and Bands.

M. G. Bl. Come my honest Round-head, I had rather meet thee here than at *Marsten-Moore*.

Hack sen. In that great Day, we did not do the work negligently, verily, we stood to the Faith.

M. G. Bl. A d-d you dub'd us to purpose; but make haste and follow me; 'twill be Dinner-Time: Madam, your Servant, you'll come?

Mrs. Hack. Yes Sir, and bring my Kinsman.

M. G. Bl. He shall be wellcome; the Collonels Son and Daughter, with whom I hear y'are both fall'n out, will be there; but pray for my sake let it be mirth and jollity this day.

Mrs. Hack. Lord Sir, I have the least ill humour in the World; but if I shou'd be displeas'd, I have too much breeding to trouble the Company with it.

[*Ex. M. G. Bl.*]

Hack. sen. No Lamb, I'll say that for thee; thou art a dear Lamb.

Nick. Well said, my pious Cuckold.

Hack. sen. Well, have ye been enquiring? What Patents are they soliciting for, and what Stocks to dispose of?

1. Jobber. Why in Truth there is one thing liketh me well, it will go all over England.

Mrs. Hack. What's that, I am resolv'd to be in it Husband.

1. Jobber. Why it is a Mouse-Trap, that will invite all Mice in, nay Rats too, whether they will or no; a whole share, before the Patent, is fifteen Pound; after the Patent, they will not take sixty: there is no Family in England will be without 'em.

2. Jobber. I take it to be a great Undertaking: but there is a Patent likewise on foot for one walking under Water, a share twenty Pound.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hack. That wou'd have been of great use to carry Messages under the Ice this last Frost, before it would bear.

Hack. sen. Look thee Lamb, between us, Its no matter whether it turns to use or not; the main end, verily, is to turn the Penny in the way of Stock-Jobbing, that's all.

1. Fobber. There is likewise one who will undertake to kill all Fleas, in all the Families in England, provided he hath a Patent, and that none may kill a Flea but himself.

2. Fobber. There is likewise a Patent moved for, of bringing some Chinese Rope-Dancers over, the most exquisite in the World; considerable men have shares in it: but verily I question whether this be lawful or not?

Hack. sen. Look thee Brother, if it be to a good end, and that we our selves have no share in the vanity or wicked diversion thereof, by beholding of it, but only use it whereby we may turn the Penny, and employ it for Edification, alway considered that it is like to take, and the said Shares will sell well; and then we shall not care, whether the aforesaid Dancers come over or no.

2. Fobber. There is another Patent in Agitation for Flying; a great Vertuoso undertakes to out-fly any Post-Horse five Mile an hour; very good for Expresses and Intelligence.

Nick. May one have a share in him too.

2. Fobber. Thou mayst,

Nick. These Stock-Jobbing Rogues, are worse than us Sharpers with Bars and false Boxes.

Hack. sen. Look ye Brethren, hie ye into the City, and learn what ye can; we are to have a Consultation at my House at Four, to settle Matters as to lowing and heighthening of Shares: Lamb let's away, we shall be too late.

[Ex. Jobbers.

Mrs. Hack. Do you dispatch your peremptory Daughter out of the House; for I have vow'd not to sleep under a Roof with her.

Hack. sen. Well Lamb, it shall be as thou wilt have it:

*An Old Man to his Spouse must quit the Field,
And after threescore Years, 'tis time to yield:
A man may strive in vain, and keep a potter,
If one way be can't please, he must another.*

Finis Actus Secundus.

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I. *M. G. B.* House.

Coll. Hackwell, jun. Welford, Sir Nich. Dainty, Sir Timothy Kastril, Terefia, Winifred, Eugenia, Clara, M. G. Blunt, with three or four Cavalier Officers, Col. Hackwell sen. Mrs. Hackwell and Nickum, &c.

M. G. Bl. **A**T Night we are to have a Ball; and we our self will dance i' Faith: And Ladies, in the mean time, to help out your desert, you shall have a little Entertainment of Mutick, when the Minstrels have Din'd.

Caval. And then a Bottle, Sir.

M. G. Bl. Be it so; I hate to meet at a Dinner like so many Hogs at a Trough, to grumble, grunt, and fill our Bellies, and then every one a several way.

Teref. Oh Lord Sir, shan't we have a little chit chat, and the Tea-Table?

Wini. Oh Lord, we are nothing without the Tea Table, let me die else.

M. G. Bl. 'Tis ready for the Women and Men that live like Women; a dod your fine bred Men of *England*, as they call 'em, are all turn'd Women; but by my Troth, I'll not turn my back to the Pipe and Bottle after Dinner.

Caval. There spoke an Angel.

M. G. Bl. Fear not my old Cavaliers, according to your laudable customs you shall be drunk, swagger and fight over all your Battles, from *Edge-hill* to *Brentford*; you have not forgotten how this Gentleman, and his demure Psalm-singing Fellows used to drub us?

Caval. No gad, I felt 'em once to purpose.

M. G. Bl. Ah a dod, in high crown'd Hats, collar'd Bands, great loose Coats, long Tucks under 'em, and Calves-Leather Boots, they us'd to sing a Psalm, fall on, and beat us to the Devil.

Hack. sen. In that day we stood up to the Cause, and the Cause, the Spiritual Cause did not suffer under our Carnal Weapons, but the Enemy was discomfited, and lo, they used to flee before us.

Caval. Who wou'd think such a sniveling, Psalm-singing Puppy, would fight. But those godly Fellows wou'd lay about 'em, as if the Devil were in 'em.

Sir Nich. What a filthy slovenly Army was this, I warrant you not a well dress'd Man amongst the Round-heads.

M. G. Bl. But these plain Fellows would so thrash your swearing, drinking fine Fellows in lac'd Coats, just such as you of the drawing Room and Lockets Fellows are now, and so strip 'em, by the Lord *Harry*, that after a Battle those Saints look'd like the *Israelites* laden with the *Egyptian* Baggage.

Hack. sen. Verily we did take the Spoil; and it serv'd us to turn the Penny, and advanc'd the Cause thereby: we fought upon a Principle that carried us through.

M. G. Bl. Prithee Collonel, we know thy Principle, 'twas not right, thou fought'st againſt Childrens Baptiſm, and not for Liberty, but who ſhould be your Tyrant; none ſo zealous for *Cromwel* as thou wert then, nor ſuch a furious Agitator and Teſt-man, as thou haſt been lately.

Hack. Sen. Look you Collonel, we but proceed- *Sir Tim. ſtruts and cocks, ſetting his Perwig and Cravat ſtring admiring himſelf.*
ed in the way of Liberty of V Vorſhip.

M. G. Bl. A dod there is ſomething more in it. This was thy Principle Collonel, Dominions is founded in Grace, and the Righteous ſhall inherit the Earth; and by the Lord *Harry* thou didſt ſo; thou gotteſt Three Thouſand Pound a Year by fighting againſt the Court, and I loſt a Thouſand by fighting for it.

Hack. Sen. Coll. I beſeech you be not prophane, ſwear not.

M. G. Bl. Hold. I hear our Fiddles ſound a Parley, let this Battle be over between us:

1 *Caval.* Damn theſe ſneaking Rogues, why did not we clap Bags of Gun-powder to their Arſes, and blow 'em into the Sky:

2 *Caval.* Becauſe we were to beat 'em firſt.

Sir Tim. Pox on't. This way will never do; I have been admiring my ſelf this half hour, and no Body takes notice of me; let me ſee, I'll drop ſome Billets: Hah! Damme, no Body minds 'em; I am a [Drops 2 or 3 Billets] moſt unfortunate Beau.

Eugen. See that vain Puppy dropping his Billets, take no notice.

Clara. Not to ſave his Life.

Tereſa to *z* Thy Heart's as hard as Rocks of *Adamant*; how canſt thou *Sir Nich.* ſlye to Camps, and leave thy mourning Miſtreſs here to languish, and to die for you.

Sir Nich. Oh Madam, rally me no more; I know my own Deſerts and yours, there are ſome Hearts indeed will languish for me; but honour calls and I muſt go.

Sir Tim. VVhat a Pox, not yet, not take up one of 'em.
Ah! ſome Body has dropt a Note, a Billet there.

Sir Nich. Ah! 'Tis no matter, 'tis none of mine. [He pulls out a great ma-
Tereſa. Oh Lord! you'll break my Heart, I'll ſwear; ny, and tells 'em.
How came you by ſo many Billets?

Sir Nich. Alas! What wou'd you have one do? If Ladies will write to one, how can one help it?

Hack. Jun. Madam, 'tis eaſier to fix Quick-Silver, than you;
You will not be in earneſt.

Eugen. Is there not more pleaſure in ſeeing them play the Fool, than being in earneſt our ſelves.

Clara. Which perhaps may be as fooliſh in the end, as any thing they can do,
Welf. I don't know what you are Madam, but no Man can look on theſe Eyes, and not be in earneſt.

Sir Tim. Gods me, they are my own; I wou'd not for Five Thouſand Pound. they had been ſeen, Ladies of Quality all: [To Welford.
To of 'em from two Ladies in this Company.

Welf. VVhich two?

Sir Tim. I have Billets from all of 'em, they are all in love with me:
But theſe two are from that pretty Lady, and that beautiful Ingenious, well bred Lady, her Siſter.

Welf.

Welf. Look ye Sir, I wou'd not disturb this Company, but I will see whether you have Ears or no; and be well satisf'd in it.

Sir Tim. Ears Sir, as good Ears as any Man in England, and that you shall find, when the Musick strikes up.

Welf. But I must find, whether they will endure lugging or no.

Sir Tim. What the Devil do you mean? Lugging Sir, I am as found as any Man in England, if that be the point.

Welf. I will try Sir, not a word to the Company, lest I lug 'em off: This for your Lying Sirrah.

Sir Tim. Upon my Honour Sir.

Welf. Peace Rascal, or I shall cut your Throat.

Sir Tim. Damme, this is a strange uncivil Fellow as ever I met with; What a Devil, has he no Breeding?

M. G. Bl. Come, come, enter Musick. *(Enter Musick, they play and sing.)*

Sir Nich. Ah, that's fine, that's Chromatick, I love Chromatick Musick mightily.

Sir Tim. Ah that Fuge! That Fuge's finely taken.

Sir Nich. And baceily carried on.

Sir Tim. All Italian Sir, all Italian.

Nickum to? I hate those two damn'd Fellows, I shall never be at rest, *Mrs. Hack.* Still I kick a Beau.

Mrs. Hack. You put me in such fear, you bring my Heart to my Mouth:

Sir Nich. What did that Fellow say, he wou'd kick a Beau; I am a Beau: And though unworthy, I shall take the Quarrel upon me in behalf of my Brother Beau's: And if you please to withdraw, and make use of a Friend, I'll bring one with me shall be witness of your kicking, if you please to Put your Foot to that trouble.

Nickum, I shall take a time to send to you.

Sir Nich. Let it be suddenly, or I shall be impatient.

M. G. Bl. Come, now the Musick's over; my old Soldiers, stand to your Arms, your Pipes and Bottles, shew 'em to my Military Room: You Collonel, and your Friend here, to a sober Pipe by your selves, your Lady with the Women to their Tea and Cards, or what they will.

Hack. Sen. No Collonel, My Lamb takes a digestive Pipe after Dinner with me, every day.

Mrs. Hack. Good lack Mr. Hackwell, why will you say so?

Enter a Fellow, with Patterns of Fringes and Embroidery:

Sir Nich. Ah Ladies! I beseech you before you retire, let me have all your Judgments upon some Fringe and Embroidery, which I'm to use about my Tent.

M. G. Bl. Nay, faith Collonel, now stay a little, let us hear this Scene; what is this about your Tent?

Sir Nich. This Fringe and Embroidery is for my Velvet Bed, and Counterpane in my Tent.

Tes. Let me dye, I never saw any thing so fine.

Winif. 'Tis exceeding Noble.

Hack. Sen. 'Tis most amazing:

Sir Nich. The Hanging of my Tent is all Atlases, the outside is Damask.

Hack. Sen. Most astonishing! What keepeth out the Water?

Sir Nich. Oh! It is prepared by the Dippers, and they turn it into Drab-deberry.

M. G. Bl. Have you not a Note of what you carry into the Campaign; pray let us see.

Sir Nich. I have one, — Come let us see.

Eight VVaggon; one for my two Butlers, my Service of Plate and Table Linnen; one for my two Cooks and Kitchin; one for my Confectioner, one for my Laundresses and Dairy Maids, with all their Utensils.

Hack. Sen. Confectioners and Dairy-Maids! for what use; I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Nich. For Creams, fresh Butter, and Desert: I suppose we shall not want black Cattle, Collonel, one for my VVardrobe, great and small, Valet de Chambres, and Upholsterers.

Hack. Sen. How Sir, A VVaggon Load of Cloaths! VVe in our Army us'd to fight with one Suit apiece.

Sir Nich. Your Army Sir: — I have 12 rich Campaign Suits, six Dancing Suits, and 12 pair of Dancing Shooes.

M. G. Bl. VVhat saist thou to this Collonel:

Hack. Sen. Most intollerable, this worketh in me great Amazement.

Sir Nich. May be you wonder at this! but when-ever we take a Town, I am resolv'd to invite the Ladies to a Ball.

The rest of the VVaggon are for all sorts of VVines and Drinks; I carry Fifty Horse, and 25 Carters, Mowers, Reapers, Grooms, and two Gardiners.

Hack. Sen. In truth this savoureth much of *Bedlam*; behold I am filled with VVonder.

Teref. The finest Gentleman sure that e're the Sun shind upon.

Wini. The Gentleman indeed seems to be very much a Gentleman.

Eugen. And is this very choice Coxcomb to be your Volunteer?

Hack. Jun. The General has ordered him upon me, but I hope to get rid of the Burden.

Clara. Sure, the whole Army will not afford so compleat a Fop;

Welf. Nor so contemptible a one; as a little time will shew him.

Sir Nich. I shall have the Honour to serve under your Son, Sir, but my Collonel, there's one thing we shall be miserably put to for, have you no way to come at it.

Hack. Jun. What's that Sir?

Sir Nich. 'Tis Ice; there will be no Drinking without Ice.

Hack. Sen. Most Prodigious, and incredible.

Hack. Jun. There are Ice Houses in *France*.

Sir Nich. Then I am resolv'd, one of the first Actions I shew my Valour in shall be in storming of an Ice House.

M. G. Bl. A dod, go thy ways Boy; If any Guardian in *England* shews such an Excellent, such a finished Fop, for his word as I have of thee; I'll be Crucified.

Sir Nich. Ah noble Guardian! I know your humour, you're for your old fashion'd *B e: d n g*; but you'll never perswade the Ladies to be of your Opinion: Ladies, how did you like my Fringes and Embroidery.

Teref.

Teresa. Let me die, they're the sweetest things that e're I saw.

M.G. Bl. A dod, these two Fops like Tallies, meet in every point.

Sir Nich. } Will your Ladyship please to take any Snuff.

to Teresa. } 'Tis Right pongy bongy.

— [*Gives her snuff with a Billet.*]

Teresa. With all my heart, Oh Lord! What's here? a Billet.

[*Reads*] If you'll let me have the favour of your Conversation this Afternoon, our People will be abroad: And I'll keep my Bed on purpose—Mercy on me, What do I see?

[*drops the Billet and faints away.*]

Sir Nich. Ah, Look to the Lady.

M.G. Bl. What a pox, has he poyson'd my Daughter. [*He takes up the Billet.*]

Sir Nich. True pongy bongy upon my Honour.

Mrs. Hack. Carry her in, Carry her in she's falling into a Fit. } *The Ladies are*

Sir Nich. Do you see Sir Timothy? [*kicks him on the shins.*] } *about her and*

Sir Tim. Ay, and feel too, but a pox on't, they take no no— } *carry her off.*

tice of me, and I am as good a *Beau*; and as much a Gentleman.

M.G. Bl. This is a Billet written by this Coxcomb himself; a dod I must look to this Business, 'twill go to far else, go young fellows, retire with the Women, this fit will be over presently: *Col.* a word with you; and *Tom*, do thou itay. [*Exeunt all but M.G. Blunt, Hack. sen. and Hack. jun.*]

M.G. Bl. I must have a word or two with thee, about that young fellow, thy Son: He's a gallant fellow, and the World speaks well of him, and you can have nothing to object against him.

Hack. jun. A Son that would give all the world to have your favour, Sir.

Hack. sen. Lookee, Col. I may have no Communication of this kind with you. And for thee, thou hast liv'd in continual Rebellion with me; Thou didst run away from me at Nine years old, to be Christen'd, as thou call'st it.

M.G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, that was something hard; but it was but a trick of youth.

Hack. sen. Besides, thou hast seperated from the Congregation ever since.

M.G. Bl. And what? Art thou for Persecution? Dost thou make Heaven so narrow-hearted to own a Party only? To hurt a man for not being of my Opinion, is of the Devil; Why art not angry with me for having black Eye brows? Why, thy Wife is not of thy Congregation neither.

Hack. sen. That was an Agreement before Marriage; And she number'd down the Pounds that purchas'd that liberty.

M.G. Bl. The Righteous will do anything for money.

Hack. sen. Besides, he has offended my Lamb; And I have engaged un-to her. [*Mrs. Hackwell peeps in with a Pipe in her mouth.*]

Mrs. Hack. God forgive me Mr. *Hackwell*!

Art thou talking with that insolent Fellow thy Son?

M.G. Bl. A Dad, Madam, no man dares say that: He is a Fellow of Honour.

Mrs. Hack. He Honour! Come come, Mr. *Hackwell*: Why do you listen to such discourses?

Hack. sen. I come Lamb, I come. [*Exeunt Hack. sen. and Mrs. Hack.*]

M.G. Bl. Go thy ways, thou wert a pretty Fellow, to Rebel all thy lifetime against Princes; And trail a Pike under a Smock-Rampant at last.

Hack. jun. Did you ever know a Godly-man convinc'd by Argument?

M.G. Bl. But look thee, young Fellow, I wou'd do't by Interest.

Let me see, hah ! Canst not thou think of some good Match, that we may lay down a Summ of Money and purchase a Settlement : Hah, *Tom.* think a little.

Hack. jun. What means he ? VWhat shall I say ?

[*Aside.*

M.G. Bl. Come, by the Lord *Harry*, out with it, young Fellow.

Hack. jun. Sir, I have thought, and often thought of a young Lady : But scorn'd the mean Consideration of a little Pelf ; She is alone Reward enough for all the Tolls of Heroes, and the rough Fatigues and Perils of the longest VVars.

M.G. Bl. Hold, Boy ; this is Romantick : Stuff, stuff ; If thou hast any mortal Passion, acquaint me with it.

Hack. jun. I am so unworthy of her, Shame will not let me tell you.

M.G. Bl. Pugh, Pox ; Do not play the fool : wilt thou grow a Fop too ? VWho is she ?

Hack. jun. I must ask a thousand Pardons, that I have disclos'd my Passion without your knowledge ?

M.G. Bl. My knowledge ? Fiddle, fiddle ; Prithee why ? be Concise.

Hack. jun. It is your Daughter, Sir.

M.G. Bl. Hah ! A Dad young Fellow, now thou say'st something.

By the Lord *Harry* thou art a brave Fellow, and a Fellow of honour ! I have taken thee into my house ; And I will take thee into my family. Give me thy hand : A Dad, oy, thou shalt have her.

Hack. jun. Sir, upon my Knees.

[*Blunt pushes him down.*

M.G. Bl. Pox o' this fooling : Now we shall have damn'd Raptures and senseless Romantick stuff ; Prithee young fellow no more : I'll break off the Match, if there be any more on't : Never use more words then need. Let's in, I'll try to purchase of thy old Fellow. If not, it shall be done.

Hack. jun. Millions of thanks !

M. G. Bl. Why, lookee, lookee, the Fellow's mad again ; A dod, I had as live be kickt as thank't, by the Lord *Harry* : No man does good but to please himself ; — thanks, — pugh !

[*Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Eugen. This is not the first Fit this Coxcomb has put my Sister into.

Clara. You're a pretty Gentlewoman, laugh at your Sister.

Did your Colonel never put you into a Fit of Love ?

Eugen. No ; but I find your Volunteer will soon have a Command over your heart.

Clara. Dost thou think it is tender : I am sure thine's mortgag'd to the Colonel beyond Redemption.

Eugen. VWho would redeem a heart so well dispos'd on ?

Clara. Very fine, you own your frailty.

Eugen. Let's dissemble with Mankind ; but prithee let's be honest one among another. VWhat Sighs, what Agonies has this Volunteer rais'd in thee already ?

Clara. Ah, too many : Yet why should I say too many ? Methinks the very pain is pleasant.

Eugen. The very pain of Love is pleasanter than the Extasie of any other oy.

Clara

Clara. Thou seducest me, thou tempest me into this seeming Paradise; And if I suffer by it, upon thy head be it.

Eugen. Withal my heart: He's a man of honour and of sense. It cannot be.

Clara. I tremble yet to think on't: 'tis a dreadful Leap we Lovers take, But we must adjourn this discourse: I must go and get my Things remov'd. for this Night will bring me under thy Father's Roof, and within thy Embraces.

Eugen. 'Tis the happiest Night of my Life: I shall have my Friend in my Arms, and I'll keep her there.

Clara. And I had rather be within those arms, than any ones.

Eugen. Thou ly'st, Hufwife, most wickedly.

Clara. Why so mischief?

Eugen. Because you had rather be in *Welford's*.

Clara. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet: Adieu.

[Exit Clara.]

Enter Hackwell junior.

Hack. jun. VVonder not, Madam, that I haunt you thus where ere you go: A Lover can no more be kept from his Mistress than a Shadow.

Eugen. Now you have my Father's leave, you talk of Love with Authority.

Hack. jun. Had I all the Authority of the World, I would lay'r at your Feet: But think not, Madam, I could be content with your Father's giving me your hand, till you had first given me your heart.

Eugen. You are engag'd in Courtship to another Mistress: Honour and that can never agree with tender Love.

Hack. jun. Honour is the Out-work to Love, without winning one, there are no Approaches to the other.

Eugen. You have courted Fame, and won her as a Mistress, but that contents you not: you marry her, and are strictly ty'd to her, that Love must be a poor neglected Rival.

Hack. jun. VVe fight for Peace and Love, the End and the Reward of VVar: For what but Liberty and Beauty are worth a good man's Sword; I value your Favour so vastly above all Wealth, Power, and Honour, that I would quit for you my Country, and my chase of Fame; but that I know youd would despise me for't.

Eugen. Nay, think not, Sir, I'de have you quit so glorious a Cause as Consecrates each Sword that's drawn for't: But methinks Love-Treaties shou'd be Adjourn'd till softer times of Peace.

Hack. jun. Ah, Madam, if Love did not sweeten the Intervals of War, and the hopes of enjoying it were not in our thoughts as the end of it, we should all be Cowards, and no Gentleman would think the World worth fighting for.

Eugen. VVou'd you have me make my self so miserable, as to set my heart upon one who may be lost in every Rencontre or Attaque.

Hack. jun. Does not our Royal Mistress do the same and bears it with a Princely Magnanimity; She and our Country have the greatest Stake in Europe, who will be sure to hazard himself with the bravest.

Eugen.

Eugen. She is to be reverence'd and admir'd, but hard it is to Imitate so Glorious an Example; and methinks a private Lady may be happier.

Hack. jun. VVe cannot in Gratitude pretend to be happier, than those from whom we have our Happiness; in them our Countreys Cause, and yours, and all's at stake.

Eugen. But Love they say is tenderer than all.

Hack. jun. VVould you were sensible of it, as I wou'd have you, but I am not so vain to think you e're can have that Care for me: The VWorld's not worthy of it; be pleas'd only to give your Consent, to make me happy, and all the Endeavours of my Life hereafter shall be to make you so.

Enter M. G. Blunt, and Sir Nich. Dainty:

Eugen. Thank Heaven I am Reliev'd, my Father's here,

M. G. Bl. Not so Giri; go, get ye together, ye pair of Turtles, and Cove in private. Your Love Discourse is very pretty among Lovers, but wou'd found very silly and Fantastick to those who should over-hear it: go, withdraw, an old Shooe after thee; win her, and wear her Boy.

[Exit. Hack, Jun. and Eugenia.]

Sir Nich. He'll scarce meet Success, I'm sure I find by her Deportment, she is in love with me:

[Aside.]

M. G. Bl. Look'e Knight, to be short with you, your Vanity and the Indiscretion of my Daughter, have made an Intrigue of Love betwixt ye, so smoaky, the Town takes notice of it.

Sir Nich. Alas Sir, we never conceal those things.*

M. G. Bl. Then y'are Puppies; but I suppose you know my Honour is so nice; that I'll not suffer my Family to have the least blot.

Sir Nich. If all Families should be dishonoured, where the Ladies are in Love with me, there would be a great many infamous in this Town.

M. G. Bl. Vanity of Vanities: I believe there is not such another *Ass* as my Daughter; but dost thou hear Knight, thou shalt not have the deceiving her; by the Lord *Harry*, I will cut thy Throat, if thou attempt it.

Sir Nich. Lookee Guardian, I can take any thing from you, but what do you mean Sir, to treat me thus?

M. G. Bl. I do mean, that either the Love you pretend to my Fop Daughter is false; and then you are a Rascal, or true, and then if you make it not good, you are a Rascal too; and if I fail in my Revenge, I will bequeath it to my Executors and Administrators, by my Honour I will.

Sir Nich. Sir, I am a Person of Honour, you shall ever find me Rational and Civil; but the Beaus do so laugh at one, if one Marries, that upon my Honour, that I knnw not what is left for me to do.

M. G. Bl. Ound! Did you mean to Whore my Daughter? *[He takes him by*

Sir Nich. No, no, Sir, we never bring it to Enjoyment, *the Collar.*

If we can make a Lady fall in Love with us, or fall into Fits for us, 'tis all the Triumph we desire.

M. G. Bl. Death, Triumph! And did you think to Triumph over me?

Sir Nich. No, Sir, I have a greater Respect for your Family.

M. G. Bl. In short, I will make a better settlement, than your Estate can deserve: Consider, no fooling; you two were design'd by Nature for one another.

Sir Nich.

Nich. Sir, You do me a great deal of Honour; I know your free discourse but I shall make such a return as your honourable proposals require.

M. G. B. Farewell, I must to my Cavaliers: they were got but to the second *Naseby*-fight, when I left 'em (Exit *M. G. B.*)

Sir Nich. What shall I do? If I Marry, the Beaus will all make Hens at me; and laugh me out of *London*. Besides, I never knew one Marry, but the rest of 'em, Cuckolded him, or said they did, which is as bad: but hold, it's four a Clock, I must beat this Bully. Pray Heaven I disappoint not my Friend. (Exit *Sir Nich.*)

Enter *Nickum* and *Dingboy*.

Nickum, I warrant thee, *Dingboy*, we shall have the richest Caravan, the fattest Bubble.

Ding. Nay, O' my Conscience no Beau will fight, they dare not stir for fear of disordering their Perrewigs and Cravat-strings.

Nickum, I'll undertake, you and I might clear the Town of Beaux. We'll win five thousand pound of this *Sir Nicholas*, hee'll bring it to a Composition-Dinner, we'll make him drunk and bubble him.

Ding. Prithee let's win ten thousand Pound of him, wee'll win all his Equipage, and break him for a Volunteer.

Enter *Sir Nich.* and *Welford*.

Sir Nich. Sir, I can scarce ever hope for a pardon, for being so confident to desire the assistance of your Sword and Arm. But we being Brother Volunteers, made me presume.

Welf. Name it no more, 'tis a Duty Gentlemen owe to one another.

Sir Nich. I am sorry I had not time to put on my fighting suit.

Welf. A fighting suit!

Sir Nich. Yes, Sir, I have the prettiest in the World, I'm never without one: A man ought to be drest proper for all occasions.

Welf. This is the Choicest Fop in Christendom.

Sir Nich. It is Scarlet slightly flourished with Silver; A Bloody Cravat; and the neatest, best stich'd, Beau Gloves; the finest light Perrewig; and the prettiest Shoes in the world; And the motto upon my Sword is Love and Honour, because Gentlemen fight for nothing else.

Nickum, Death and Heart, who's yonder?

Ding. What a Devil makes you start and look pale?

Nickum, Plague on't, have I catch't a Tartar? I'm afraid *Welford* the Volunteer is his Second.

Ding. Gad forgive me, *Welford*! I have heard of him, pox on him hee'll whip me through.

Sir Nich. Ah, here they are, Are you ready to Kick, Sir? Are your feet in Order?

Welf. What the Devil, is this the Business? Pox that Fellow's a Coward. I am finely inveigld by a Fop.

Nickum. Sir, I did not say I'd Kick, you mistook me, Sir; for my part I love peace and quietness as well as any man that wears a Head.

Sir Nich. You lye, Sirrah, you're a Coward, Draw, you did say Kick, have at your Lungs.

Ding. The Devil take me if I fight.

(*Runs away.*)

Welf. What the Devil, must I have a Race?

(*Runs after him.*)

Sir Nicholas pushes, *Nickum* runs back, falls upon his Breech, and drops his Sword.

Sir Nich. You cowardly Rascal, do you think an old sham trick of falling upon your Breech and dropping your Sword shall pass upon me? Here take your Sword, and fight, Sirrah.

Nickum. Sir I have more Honour, than to fight with the man that has given me my Life: I know what belongs to your punctilios.

Sir Nich. Then, Sir, you shall be very much Kick'd.

Enter Dingboy running: Welford o'retakes him.

Welf. Not, Sir, that you are worth the Catching. I have had this Chase after you: but it is fit a Rascal that is so impudent should be Kick'd to some purpose.

Ding. Do what you will. But I gad I won't fight. *They give 'em half a Nick.* This is most ungenerous, and highly disobliging. *Dozen kicks a piece.*

Ding. Very unkind indeed.

Sir Nich. Come, Sir, I ask a thousand pardons, that I have disappointed you. I thought to have shewn you some play. But you see how a man may be mistaken in outsidings.

Welf. Come, Sir, let's away.

(*Exit Welf. and Sir Nicholas.*)

Ding. Are not you a damn'd Son of a Whore to bring me into these inconveniencies.

Nick. Why, you impudent ungrateful Rascal! How many good Bubbles have you shar'd with me? Would you have all the sweet, and none of the sowre?

Dick. Thus we Bullies and Sharpers are always found out by such Block-heads as you are, who never knew your men.

Nickum. You senseless Dog: in a herd of Cattle, each knows, who can beat who. But how the Devil should we know it among men? But we must venture sometimes.

Ding. Venture! A pox on you, see what you bring it to, by your venturing.

Nick. Well, Bullies, take warning by us, 'tis true a Sharper might quarrel sometimes, that's certain, but

*If he be wise, he'll do what e're he can
Ere he begins to Roar, to know his man.*

A C T

A C T IV. Scene I.

Clara and Lettice, and four or five of Hackwell Sen.'s Servants.

Clara. **G**O, Porters! Carry all those Trunks and Boxes, and my Scritore to Major General *Blunts*: Where's my good Mother-in-Law?
Lett. Taking her repose upon her Bed: But this day, Madam, will break all our hearts to part with you!

Clara. I must leave you!

Lett. You'll leave very few dry Eyes behind you, Madam!

1 Serv. We shall never have the like within these Walls again!

2 Serv. Nay, now my young Master, and my Lady are gone, all good Nature has left the Family.

Clara. There, Mistress *Lettice*: there's two Guineas for you, and five to drink amongst you, and the rest of your fellow Servants.

Lett. A thousand thanks, Madam.

1 Serv. Heaven bless you Madam.

2 Serv. A shame o' this second Wife, for coming under our Roof.

1 Serv. And that scurvy proud Minx her Daughter: we never had good day since.

Lett. She's the very picture of ill Conditions: Stinginess and ill Nature came into the Family with 'em. — Here she comes.

Enter Winifred.

Clara. O Sister, I need not take my leave of you: We shall meet at the Ball.

Wini. Yes, and I'll Dance there too!

Clara. Awkardly, and affectedly, to my knowledge. (*Aside.*

Winif. I left my dear *Teresa* ill: I cannot answer my so long absence from her, — Let me dye. — Tell my Mother when she wakes, that I am gone thither.

Clara. Mr. *Hep* din'd at the Steward's Table, I heard, — will he be there?

Winif. What's that to you? — He dine at the Steward's Table! He scorns it. You are a good Friend of his, — Fare you well, — but hold, I have forgot something.

Clara. Fare you well, — I shall be there before you. (*Exeunt Clara and Serv.*

Enter Sir Timothy Rastrel.

Sir Tim. She's here, a propo's.

Winif. Bless me, how came this Fellow here?

Sir *Tim.* Madam, I perceiv'd how you were disturb'd, when I made address to you in publick: and therefore am come to make a private offer of my Heart.

Winif. Ha! what says the Fellow?

Sir *Tim.* You cannot be a stranger to my love, which you must often have perceiv'd by my continual Ogling you at the Play-House, and at Church: my side glassing you at the Park. And my humble Bowes to you in the Mall.

Winif. Oh impudence!

Sir *Tim.* And as a Confirmation of all,—Behold this Biller, I receiv'd from you; you will not disown it, I hope?

Winif. From me, Audacious Coxcomb.

(Tears it.

Sir *Tim.* What the Devil dos she mean?

Winif. From me? Let me dye, I would turn away my Miad, should she write to such a Fellow. Why sure you don't take your self for a Beau? I'll say't I never saw so weasell'd-lac'd a Puppy—may I perish if thou hast not the Complexion of an East-Indian—I never say a Bantamite so ugly!—Thou a Beau?

Sir *Tim.* Aye Madam! I a Beau? Why not I a Beau?

The Town is pleas'd to call me one.

Winif. Let me dye, if anybody but your self, can be so impudent.

Sir *Tim.* Come, lay this Raillery aside; and let us grow familiar—I know you'll own your Biller. Dam me Madam, if you don't write very prettily, you had not need to be asham'd on't.

Winif. I can bear no longer, I'll swear I'll have the Kick, Beaten & Buffeted—And tols'd in a Blanker, let me dye else.

Sir *Tim.* What a Devil is the matter?

O my Conscience and Soul, she's mad.

{ Gives him a box o' the Ear
and plucks off his Perrewig.

Winif. Who's there? who waits?

Enter *Nickum.*

Nick. Madam, I am here at your service.

Sir *Tim.* Damn this Bully.—What does he do here?

Winif. I have been so affronted by that Fellow, with the ugly Fiz, that calls himself a Beau,—that I'll say't I never was in my life.

Sir *Tim.* O Lord—I abuse you! mercy upon me! Madam, are not you asham'd? Sir, I have the greatest honour for her in the world. I am in Love.

Winif. If I have nobody to beat thee; — I'll beat thee my self.

Nick. I dare swear this is a Coward,—and I'll revenge my self to purpose on him, for that Rogue his brother Beau: Madam, you shall not be put to that trouble. Have at you, Sir.

(Cudgels him.

Sir *Tim.* Why Sir, Sir,—As I hope to be sav'd, Sir why what a pox are you out of your Wits.—Why, Madam,—Oh, what a Devil ailes you, Let me never sir I meant her no more hurt than my own soul.

Nick. You had best give the Lady the lye, Sirrah.

{ Trips up his heel; beats
him when he's down.

Sir *Tim.* Hold, hold, Murder, murder, Help, help.

Winif. Now Cousen let him alone, 'Tis enough my Honours satisf'd.

Your

Your Servant.

(Exit Winifred.)

Nick. Gad I think I have made this an Example! I hope I shall never light on a wrong one again.

(Exeunt Nick and Lettice.)

Sir Tim. What a Devil will become of me? I am a most miserable unfortunate fellow, if my lugs by the Ears, my Kicks and Drubs come to be known. I shall be undone with all the Beaux and Ladies too. I will walk out and Consider.—A Knight a Beau! a Wit lugg'd by the Ears! Cudgel'd, cuff'd Box'd, Kick'd, *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est*—Damn me a man had better be kill'd or hang'd: Well, Revenge shall be had, that's certain,—But how will Honour be had again, when I have lost it—besides when this is known, I shall be buffeted every day—let me think a little as I go.

(Exit Sir Tim.)

Enter at the other Door Colonel Hackwell Senior, and Lettice.

Hack Sen. What noise was that, I heard even now from my Closet? Lettice, Mr. Nickum beat a Knight, that affronted Madam Winifred most exceedingly; as long as the Knight was able to be beaten.

Hack Sen. I profess I think I am much bound to that Nickum.

Lettice. Yes, if you knew all, and in troth it shall out. (Aside.)

Hack Sen. He is as a faithful friend, I take it, unto me, and my Lamb, as any of the Wicked can be to the Godly.

Lettice. He faithful: I am glad you are come so fitly, that I can make you an eye-witness of his baseness. He dishonours the House, nay, for ought I know, makes it a Bawdy-house, even now.

Hack Sen. Verily is my House become a nest for Hornets? A Bawdy-house! with whom?

Lettice. Nay,—I know not with whom,—But I saw him through a—, on a Bed, with one of our Sex, even now:—May be one of the Maids—Pull off your Shoes and follow me, and you may see the most unhal- low'd sight.

Hack Sen. Will it not sanctifie my Eyes—But I will follow. (Exit Hack Sen. and Lettice.)

Nick. Little dos your sanctifi'd Dive-Dapper of a— {Nick and Mrs. Hack Husband think what pranks we play him? on a Bed.

Mrs. Hack. Not he good man;—but you are a naughty man, and will make me hate you, if you be to abominably valiant, to venture your Dear person upon all occasions thus. The relation makes me tremble.

Nick. Pshaw, Waw,—no danger: indeed when he came up first, he threw in a Pass or two, very briskly—faith—But when he found how strongly I parried; and how like Lightning I slung my passes in, ha, hah, hah—He soon retir'd,—and I made him mortgage most wickedly.

Mrs. Hack. Mortgage!

Nick. A phrase we Killcows of the Town use, when we make a Spark give ground: As I and my Friend made this Beau, and the terrible Volunteer Welford do. Gad we made 'em scamper, as if they had been employ'd to measure the ground, I faith we did.

Mrs. Hack. How glad am I that I have thee safe within these Arms.

Hack.

Enter Colonel Hack. Sen. and Lettice.

Hack. Sen. Bless my Eyes!

What do I see? it is my Lamb.

Lett. Now I think I have brought my business about.

Nick. Ounds we are undone! Counterfeit a sounding fit: Oh Heavens she's gone! she's gone! Nay, you are come to late, wou'd no body hear me, when I knock't for help (as if I would have beaten the house down! poor Lady! I heard a noise in her Chamber; and found her upon the Floor, beating her self and knocking her Head against the Ground. She has kill'd her self, I believe.

Lett. Oh Devil! Thou father of Lies!

Hack. Sen. Oh my Lamb,—my poor Lamb,—take my Keys! run, run for some spirit of Hearts-horn, run—run—

Lett. How the Devil helps his Servants

(Exit Lettice.)

Nick. If she comes to her self, four men cannot hold her, call for help.

Hack. Sen. Help, help, help; Oh poor Lamb—Lamb—Lamb—sweet Lamb—Dear Lamb—hold up thy head,—speak Lamb,—Oh that ever I was born—Lamb,—Lamb I say.

(Rubs her and pulls her by the Nose.)

Mrs. Hack. Oh, oh.

Nick. Look to it,—she begins to come to her self.

Enter Lettice with a Vial.

Lett. Here's the Spirit.

Hack. Sen. Give it me,—Oh Lamb, Lamb,—Lamb: *(Pours it in her mouth.)*

Mrs. Hack. Oh, what do you do, —Where am I? —whither am I going Oh, oh—

Nick. Help,—help,—where are you all,—Help, help.

Hack. Sen. Where are you: —Win the Fight, —stand fast to the Faith! perverance —Long suffering, —fight a good fight. *Habakkuk, Nehemiah,* —where are you all?

Nick. What a Muster Roll of Christen-names is here?

Mrs. Hack. let me go, let me go; —Murder, murder, Help, help.

Enter four or five Servants.

Hack. Sen. Why Lamb: Now dear sweet Lamb. All held her!

Hold her, she will beat her self in pieces.

Nick. Rarely acted! Incomparably acted

Hack. Sen. Ah my poor Lamb,—Hold her!

Lett. Lamb—Aye dear Lamb—She has made a Ram of thee *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Hack. Let go, let go, what am I taken?

Nick. Hold your peace! she comes to her self.

Hack. Sen. Oh may dear Lamb, be pacifi'd, what shall I do? Oh, oh.

{ Sits down, still groans, then sobs and cries. Sits down, & and cries by her

Lett. Oh Heaven! will you suffer truth to be thus run down, with falsehood?

Nick.

Nickum. to *Letlice.* This is your malice, Huzzz, —I warrant, —We'll be reveng'd of you.

Hack Sen. My dear, my sweet—speak, speak to thy own Duckling.

Mrs. Hack. Who's here? My Honey, my Dear.

Hack Sen. Oh my dear Lamb; Dry thy Eyes.

Mrs. Hack. Oh Cousin *Nickum*, art thou there?

Hack Sen. Ay my Lamb—or thou hadst not been here! I mean alive!

Mrs. Hack. Truly Cousin, I must own, I am much bound unto thee.

Letlice. This is most amazing, Now will all this turn upon me.

Mrs. Hack. Pray retire all: I have something for my Ducklings private Ear.

Hack Sen. What a mercy it is, I have thee in my Arms again! *Exeunt.*

Mrs. Hack. You see what your Brood—— your Son and Daughter have brought me too! Into Fits, most dangerous Fits: Oh I am sore! very sore! I cannot lift my Hands to my Head:

Hack Sen. How am I afflicted?

Mrs. Hack. I have one Secret to Unburden my self of! and I beg thy pardon that I did not discover't to thee before —— Oh——

Hack Sen. What's that? Dear Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. Your Son! your wicked Son —— It sets my Hair an end to think on't: — Has pressed me with Love from time to time: He would have dishonour'd your Bed —— and defil'd me.

Hack Sen. Gad forgive me — thee —— defil'd thee!

Mrs. Hack. Yes, defil'd me! the thought of this; and the horror it brought along with it, when I was alone, cast me into this killing fit: Which how long I have been in, or how I came out! Thou best know'st.

Hack Sen. I will disinher't the wicked Wretch; and settle all that is unsettled upon thee and thy Daughter —— If thou hast not Issue of thy Body by me!

Mrs. Hack. No, no, my dear Duckling! Thou art too kind: How can we deserve so great a bounty? — I hope thou do'st not believe I ever had it in my thoughts!

Hack Sen. Nay, I observe, when any one deserts our Congregation, they stop at no Wickedness after that.

Mrs. Hack. But how can'st thou so happily to my help?

Hack Sen. By Providence: But to say Truth, thy Hand-maid *Letlice* told me she saw *Nickum*, upon a Couch, with a Woman, dishonouring my House; and making it a Bawdy-house.

Mrs. Hack. O most pernicious Jade! where is she? *Letlice.* *Letlice!* I'll make an Example of her.

Enter Letlice.

Hack Sen. Verily she deserveth to be made an Example.

Letlice. What to do now?

Mrs. Hack. Oh impious Wretch! Would'st have dishonour'd me, I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Letlice.

Lettice. They saw too much : Did they ?

Mrs. Hack. Most Audacious Jade! I'll beat thee to Pap.

Hack Sen. Fret not thy self, dear Lamb! thou wo't endanger a Fit.

Lettice. Yes, She will have many such Fits.

Mrs. Hack. Pack up all your Trinckets, and be gone Huswife!

Lettice. A happy opportunity! since the Young Coll. and his Sister are gone; every one in the House, would take it for a favour, to be turn'd out of it.

Mrs. Hack. Look there, You see what Faction she is of; No, Huswife, that shall not serve your turn; — I'll tie you to my Bedpost, and lash you soundly my self! And then have you whipp'd to some purpose in *Bridewell*.

Lettice. Say you so; — But I have a way worth two on't. (*Exit Lettice.*)

Hack Sen. In truth she's a wicked Creature: But disquiet not thy self, nothing can make me entertain one ill thought of my Lamb.

Mrs. Hack. Thou art a dear (sweet Duckling! But pray let me go into the Air. It may refresh me after this Fit.

Hack Sen. Come my sweet Lamb—Lean upon me, Lamb. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Timothy Kastril.

Sir Tim. If I suffer my self to be beaten, cuff'd, and kick'd thus any longer: Instead of saluting me with their Hats, Fellows will salute me, with Fist, Foot, and Cudgel. I shall be beaten like Hemp or Stock-fish, — I shall grow in a little time, the common Anvil of the Town.—Well,—In short I dare not endure beating any longer: — Let me see, — What a Pox, 'Tis fifty to one, he does not hit my Vitals, if he hits me: And if it be but a flesh Wound — that's no great matter — hah; I have a pretty long Sword — What a Devil! I'll fight I am resolv'd: For 'tis better to be kill'd, than to live such a beaten Life as I am like to live without it. — Where is this Rogue *Nickum*? I'll watch him till Midnight, — If he does not bolt out before.

Enter Nickum.

Nickum. These kicks from this damn'd Beau, sit very uneasily upon me! He touch'd my Honour to the Quick, — as *Hudibras* says, — I must resolve to fight him: For if not, after this Baffle, I shall not get a debt that's owing me by a Bubble in *England*; — I have a Challenge ready penn'd. I fancy if I come roundly up with him, he will be modest yet.

Sir Tim. Ha! here the Rogue is! What is he muttering to himself?

Nick. I shall go — Porter, Porter.

Enter Porter.

Porter. Who calls Porter?

Nick. Here, I; Take this Note and carry it, as it is directed: And here's six Pence for your pains. *Exit Porter.*

Nick. Well, 'tis gone: I must resolve to fight this confounded Beau will tell all the Town, what Men he baffles, as well as what Women he lies with.

Sir

Sir Tim. There's no more to be said — *I will fight* — *Sirrah, Rogue, Rascal, Scoundrel, Coward.* I'll whip thee through — *I'll make thee fuller of holes, then e're pink't Satin was!*

Nick. What the Devil, is this Coward Beau run mad?

Sir Tim. He begins to fear me, — *Sirrah,* — *I will mangle thee so: that when I have kill'd thee* — *They shall not know whether thou art a Man or a Fish.*

Nick. If you long to be beaten agen — (*Draws*

Sir Tim. Beaten you Dog! Have at your Lungs, or some other of your Entrails. *He runs at Nickum as hard as he can,*

Damme, beg your Life Sirrah.

and disarms him.

Nick. I do, — I do.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, is this all? *I have no hurt to make such a business of fighting;* — *Here Sirrah, take your Sword, and fight agen!* Here's a Business indeed.

Nick. What with one that has given me my life?

Sir Tim. Prithee, *I gave thy life to thee to fight with it: Gad I must fight with you, or some body else;* — *It's an admirable Exercise! I intend to use it a Mornings instead of Tennis.*

Nick. This is most amazing! What a Metamorphosis is this? He is a bloody minded Beau; — *That I shou'd light on two wrong Beaus in an hour! Pox on 'em for me,* — *I'll meddle no more with 'em.*

Sir Tim. Will you fight again Sirrah? *If you won't, get you about your Business,* — *What have I to do with you? A company of cowardly Rascals of you;* — *Now I think on't, you laid me on confoundedly.*

Nick. This is the Devil in his shape sure,

fruts up and down and Cudgels him.

My Sword Sir?

Sir Tim. No Sirrah, You have no occasion for it; you durst not fight, I'll keep it Sirrah, — *begone.*

Nickum. What a Devil! Does he take the Plunder o' the Field? *I see I must fight now.* — *Exit Nickum.*

Sir Tim. Gad take me, this is rare sport; *I long to be fighting with some body else,* — *I must pick a Quarrel.*

Enter Welford.

Here's one comes for the purpose: *I must have a bout with him, for his familiarity with my Ears.*

Welf. What the Devil is here? A Filou? Are you Robbing of Passengers of their Swords?

Sir Tim. No, Winning 'em Honourably; And I'll have yours before you go much further.

Welf. What says the Coxcomb?

Sir Tim. Coxcomb! Damme y're a Puppy, — *I am a Knight.*

Welf. Oh wondrous Transformation in two hours.

Sir Tim. Hah, let me see, — *I'll run you through in Teirce.*

Welf. Prithee Fool, — *Don't trouble me.*

Sir Tim. No, no, trouble you; I won't trouble you; only run you through the Body,—— I never saw a Man so slow in my Life. Have at you.

Well. Pish—Pox o' this Feble,—there trouble me no more.—What sudden change is this? He was mad before, or is mad now. *Well. Runs at him, disarms him, flings him his Sword, & Exit.*

Sir Tim. Hah! This is a very pretty Fellow. He fights very prettily: Gad as well as my self;—— I see 'tis nothing, the Devil take me, I'll fight with every body that has ever frown'd upon me in his life.

Enter Nickum, Constable and Guard.

Nickum. That's he: He has the very Sword he robb'd me of, in his Hand,—— lay hold on him. *Constable seizes Sir Tim.*

Sir Tim. How now? What's the matter?

Const. You are a bold Thief! A fine Rogue! Rob Gentlemen of their Swords, in the Day time? There will be no passing the Streets, for such Rogues as you are.

Nickum. He came upon me before I was aware; and whipt away my Sword.

Sir Tim. You lye Sirrah! Coward! I fought with the Rogue, and won it nobly.

Const. Ah, Come, come, and you shall be hang'd nobly.

Watchm. He would have robb'd another Gentleman; but he was too hard for him, and beat him.

Sir Tim. Why, what the Devil are you mad? Why, I am a Knight, these are Rogues, they lye.

Const. A Knight, and such a Thief,—— away with him! away with him.

Enter Taylor.

Sir Tim. Oh here's my Taylor;—— He can tell you who I am?

Taylor. Are?—— Yes; Why what's the matter here? This is Sir Tymothy Kastrit: As honest a Gentleman, and pays his Bills as well as any Gentleman, and bates as little.

Const. How pay his Bills well? He has perplext the Cause; why this Gentleman has accused him of flat Felony.

Taylor. He! Why that's a Sharper! A Rogue! A Cheat!

Nick. Sirrah, I shall remember you.

Const. No threatening here Sir.

Nick. Let me see the Sword he robb'd me of; here's the Scabbard to'r, why this is Demonstration.

Taylor. What! A Bully? A Sharper? And Robb'd of his Sword? This is a Cheat, a plain Cheat.

Const. I see it now, Sir, You are an honest Gentleman; and may go about your Business;—— I have a good mind to lay that Rogue by the Heels.

Nick.

Nich. No, not so, ——— I'll go about my Business; ——— I see I must run some body through; or I am utterly undone.

Sir Tim. Honest Scichum, I am beholding to you. I beat this Rogue and disarm'd him; and had a mind to shew his Sword for fear the Rascal should deny it. ——— And put me to beat him again. ——— And he accuses me of Robbery, Mr. Constable! There's a Guiney for your watch to drink.

Const. Thank you Sir; ——— A very worthy honest Gentleman.

Watch. Thank you Sir; a very honest Gentleman.

Exeunt.

SCENE, the M. G's House.

Enter Sir Nich. Daynty, and Terefia.

Sir Nich. Fa, la, la; sweet Madam; your Father acquaints me that you are pleased to honour me with your best Affections.

Teref. Oh Lord; you make me blush; ——— sure he would not say such a thing?

Sir Nich. Nay, Madam; if you deny it; I know not what measures to take then.

Teref. Sir, I dare not deny, that I have said to my Father, That you are a fine accomplish'd Person!

Sir Nich. Ah Madam, —ah, —no, —no.

Teref. And that your Air and Miene are Excellent.

Sir Nich. Sweet Madam, you will make me too proud.

Teref. And that the Charms of your Conversation are invincible, let me die!

Sir Nich. Nay Madam, Dam mee, if you don't go a little too far now.

Teref. I can never go too far in the praises of so compleat a Gentleman, I'll say it.

Sir Nich. No Madam; Yes, yes, you may: But what's all this to your Love Madam? This will shew that you admire a Person; But never that you love him.

Teref. But Oh my Weakness! I told you in the Park, I did love you; my blazes will o'recome me.

Sir Nich. Did you Madam? I protest I had forgot it; I am so far from deserving the Honour! But dear Madam, Do you love me now?

Teref. Yes, yes; I am afraid too well!

Sir Nich. I must confess you have a great many Rivals Madam! But you have the preference in my affections: And shall ride Sovereign in my heart.

Teref. Let me die if I can look upon you!

Sir Nich. Madam, I must tell you, tho' the Beaux will laugh at, and discord one that marries: Yet I am content for your sake to be laugh'd at.

Teref. And will you set aside your Campaign, and yield to loves soft Charms.

Sir Nich. Not for the World Madam, What? set aside my Honour? that cannot be for all the Treasures upon Earth.

Teref. Nay, then you love me not, and I am miserable.

Sir Nich. Damme Madam, I have had 50 Ladies in love with me, and never lov'd any one of 'em, half so much.

Teref. No, no, You love not me! all I have to do is to retire and weep; and sigh my self into a Ghost. I'll swear. *Exit Terefia.*

Sir Nich. Why, Madam, Madam ———

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, here's a Note left for you, by a Porter.

Sir Nich. Hah! this is no Biller: This is made up by some Blockheadly Fellow! Ha! *Nickum!* This is a Challenge! its a very odd one! Let me go in and enquire about it. *Exit.*

Enter M. G. Blunt, Hackwell Junior, and Eugenia.

M. G. Blunt. I have left my old Officers at the last *Newbury* fight, as drunk as ever they were in the Army: They will fling Bottles at one anothers heads, as they were wont to do; But—ah—how goes on your procel of Love betwixt you?

Hack. Jun. Much too slow Sir, for my eager wishes.

Eugen. I see our English Soldiers, are for nothing but storming; they have not patience for a siege!

M. G. Bl. Look thee *Tom.* I'll say that for her; she's as good a Girl as any man can boast of.

Hack. Jun. She's all Excellence! she's all Perfection.

M. G. Bl. A Dod, Countrey Gentlemen are Knaves enough; when they put Horses that are Jades into one anothers hands: But they may be chept away, or sold in *Smithfield*; but to put a Woman Jade into ones hands, that he must never part with; by the Lord Harry, it is unpardonable.

Hack. Jun. The same Honour ever shines in all your Actions.

M. G. Bl. I have indeed an As of a Daughter! which I put off to an As of a Knight: but he likes her for being an As, and she likes him for being an As; so 'tis an equal match. The Devils in't, if they don't agree: They are so like, they are almost one flesh already.

Eugen. Methinks Sir, 'tis time enough to talk of this in time of peace.

M. G. Bl. A Dod that's very well: That's like a Fellow whose Bridge was a falling, ——— Would not flux because times were unsettled: Does not War make a Destruction of Men? What should good Subjects do then; ——— But lay about them to replenish. A dod, this young Fellow and his Friend, are gallant Fellows! And if they be knockt o'the head this Summer, ——— I'd have some of the breed left, ——— which is almost lost in *England*.

Eugen. I beseech you Sir, be not so hasty.

M. G. Bl. Thou dissembling Jade thou! By my troth Hufwife, if thou be'st not a lull: Cvilier, I'll tell Tels.

Eugen. For Heaven take! if ever you loved me, betray not my weakness.

Enter Clara.

M. G. Bl. Well, well; ——— oh here comes my fair Charge.

Clara. My dear, now I am come to thee, never to leave thee.

M. G. Bl. H H, hold, ——— I forbid those Banes: There's a brave young Fellow

Fellow, *Welford*, and this Youth here, sha I part you both, and to your hearts content, — and see here he comes

Enter Welford.

Look you, Sir, There's your Mistress; to her, and see what you can make of her — I am her Guardian, and dispose of her to you — Come, come, leave 'em together.

Clara. Good Guardian — what do you mean? My Dear! my *Eugenia*.

M.G. Bl. Nay, Adod if you be not Civil — I'll lock you up.

Hack Jun. And Sister, I present this Gentleman to you, as the greatest treasure you can have: He'll make you as happy, as you are capable of being.

Clara. I am believ'd on every side

M.G. Bl. Come, come, away: fall to your Love tricks — Be not too long in Ceremony: think of the substance: Women are not to be perswaded — They perswade themselves.

Welf. Madam, Can you flye from your Adorer?

{ Exeunt M.G. Bl. Col. and Eugenia.

Clara. Can you imagine I can be so vain to think — I have an Adorer.

Welf. There's nothing on this side Heaven, that I can worship equal to you: The world in Ballance, is too light for you.

Clara. A man only shews his parts, by fine Language, that never goes for any thing.

Welf. Madam, I scorn to speak a language that is not from my heart: I would renounce the Universe for you.

Clara. No, I dare say, nor this Campaigne for me.

Welf. I could not do't for you? For should I quit my honour you'd despise me.

Clara. 'Tis a hard task to speak against ones Conscience *(Aside.)*

Welf. But I must be miserable without your favour, and if you will not grant it, I shall desire to be shot from out of a Bomb upon the Enemy.

Clara. What a foolish thing is a Woman, when a man makes love to her *(Aside)*

Sire, you would not have me set my Love upon one that's going to be knock'd on the head.

Welf. The better, Madam — — When he leaves all that's dear to him in this World for't.

Clara. That were to make my self miserable, shou'd I loose him.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Madam, Your most humble Servant. Sir, I love and honour you: You are brave — and I'll draw my Sword for you.

Welf. Pox on his Puppy.

Enter Sir Nicholas, with a Challenge in his Hand.

Sir Nich. Oh Mr. *Welford*! I am glad you are here!

You are a Judge of Honour, — and I would consult with you: I have sent for the Major General — and Col. *Hackwell*.

Sir Tim. If it be about Honour, Consult with me, *Nicky*: I have fought two Duels since I saw you: And long to fight a third. One of 'em was with this Gentleman here

Sir Nick. Dam me, what has he cast his Skin, or is become a new Creature? Two Duels! — 'Tis impossible.

Enter

Enter M. G. Bl. Hackwell Junior, and Eugenia.

M. G. Bl. Pox to these Fools!

How came they here to interrupt Love?

Sir Nich. Come Gentlemen: Nay, the Ladies may hear it too!

You must know, I was challeng'd by a Fellow this Afternoon, whose name I conceal'd, — And this Gentleman did me the Honour to be my second.

Hack. Jun. What a Devil! wert thou drawn in, by this Pop.

Sir Nich. His Opposite would not fight at all; — And mine fought so curvily, that he ran back, and dropt his Sword on purpose — I gave it him again, and bid him use it better — But he durst not — so, we kick'd 'em both exceedingly, and left 'em

Sir Tim. Rogues, — Cowards, — Damn'd Cowards: — that men can be such Cowards.

Sir Nich. Now, my Rogue has sent me the most unmannerly rude Challenge — that ever was — And the point in question is, whether I ought to answer this; from a Fellow whom I have given his Life to, — or have him dub'd immoderately, by my Footman.

M. G. Bl. A Dod, a pretty Farce; Lets hear the Challenge.

Sir Nich. Reads.) Coxcomb Daynty — for Knight, I do scorn to call thee; Did you ever hear such a rude Fellow?

M. G. Bl. A Dod, he comes up roundly with thee Knight.

Sir Nich. Reads.) *When thou shouldest have attack'd me to my Face, Thou didst basely invade me behind my back: Therefore I challenge thee to meet me face to face; not as thou didst before, Face to Arse.*

Speaks. With the pardon of the Ladies, these are his words.

Reads. *Tho the most unworthy part of Man, is too honourable to be encountred by such a Rascal. Consider and Tremble: Thy Father if he were alive, could not give thee better Counsel: For there is no Composition for thy safety — unless thou wilt heal that part with thy Tongue, like a Dog as thou art: which thou didst offend with thy Hoof; like an Ass as thou wert: All the mercy thou art to expect from me in this admonition: To prepare thee to dye, with thy Sword in thy Hand; and if thou Refusest, I will be thy Destroyer.*

No matter for the name! Now your judgments upon the Case, Did you ever see such an ill bred Fellow? Fight or Drub?

Sir Tim. Fight, fight, — and I'll be your Second.

Clara. Eng. Let's steal off.

(Exeunt Eugenia and Clara.)

M. G. Bl. How came this Knight so furious o' the sudden?

Hack. Sen. He has been kickt and beaten into valour: And this is the first day of his Reformation — He's fought twice in an hour.

M. G. Bl. Hah, sayst thou so? — I have known some such Examples have been the most troublesome quarrelling Coxcombs about the Town after it: But a Dod, they are Cowards at the bottom for a'l that: Look you Pupil in this Case, if the Fellow be a Gentleman: He must not be drub'd: Thou may'st cane him thy self, if thou wilt when thou meet'st him — If he be not a Gentleman, laugh at him — But I faith the Rogue has an arch knack at his Pen.

Sir Nich.

Sir Nich. Upon my word Sir, you have decided the matter like an Oracle: — I: shall be so.

M. G. Bl. Why Gentlemen, you have let the Girls escape, for shame follow 'em.

Sir Nich. For my part, I ne'er trouble my self to follow Ladies, they follow me fast enough.

Sir Tim. What a Poz, shall we have no fighting then? Gad — I'll quarrel with some body or other.

Twis somewhat long, before I darst begin;

But I'll fight like a Devil, now I'm in.

Exeunt.

Finis Act. 4.

ACT. V. Scene I.

Teresia and Winifred.

Teresf. **H**E is so fine a Person, that I vow I cannot blush to own my Passion to him: He is the charmingst Creature in the World, let me die. That Air, that Mien, that bewitching Conversation! Oh my Dear! all the Town is in love with him.

Wini. Nor all the Town, my Dear! For my part, I wonder what thou canst see in such Fellows? Thou shouldst learn to value thy self, and despise them. I'll say't, — I scorn that any Fellow should make me in love with him.

Teresf. Ah my dear, Thou know'st not *Cupids* power; I warrant thee he has an Arrow for thee yet; he'll pierce thy stubborn heart.

Wini. I care for ne're a *Cupid* of 'em all. Tell me of *Cupid*?

Enter Hop.

Oh sweet Mr. *Hop*, — — I thought we had lost thee, — Where hast thou been all this while?

Hop. I din'd very well, at the Stewards Table Madam.

Wini. The Stewards Table? Good lack! sure thou art Company for their betters? Thou shouldst value thy dear Person more. — —

Teresf. How do you Master? You are come to help us out in our Country Dances?

Hop. Yes Madam, I am ready to serve you!

Wini. Talk of an Air and a Miene? Here's an Air and a Miene: a charming Person, and bewitching Conversation? And that Divine Musick on the Kit?

Enter Sir Nich'las Dayntv.

Sir Nich. Ladies, your most humble Servant. How dost thou do *Hop*?

Wini. Hah! — — Proud Coxcomb! Plain *Hop*? Sure Mr. *Hop* might become his Mouth? Come, Mr. *Hop*, let's retire; You shall show me a little — before we begin Dancing.

Sir Nich. Ah Madam! that's not fair play.

Wini.

Winif. Good Sir, I know not what I do. —

Exit Winif. and Hap.

Sir Nich. I hope Madam you have compos'd the temper of your mind, and are contented with my venturing for Honour, especially since you shall secure my love.

Teref. Nay, — I'll say't; — you cannot love me, that can leave me for Drums and Trumpers.

Sir Nich. Nay, then we have done Madam, I wont quit my Honour for the World : Alas, — the Ladies in the Town are in Mutiny about it ; and I deny 'em all !

Teref. Break heart, break — I cannot bear it.

Sir Nich. I am sorry Madam, you will quit your Lover, for being a Man of Honour ; — but I despair not of Mistresses.

Teref. Oh Cruel Tyrant of my Heart !

Enter M. G. Blunt.

M. G. Bl. How now Pupil ?

How goes on this Treaty ?

Sir Nich. It stops at the Preliminaries, and is not like to go on : she will not suffer me to satisfy my Honour, and go to the Campaign ; now I have given my word, and have my Equipage all ready. I'll sooner lose my life than stay.

M. G. Bl. A Dod Knight, thou art in the right there, tho thou seldom art so : — By Heav'n thou'rt an Als ; thou shalt let him go ; and I'll hold 50 *l.* to one, he does not bring thee to abandon this Summer !

Sir Nich. Upon my Honours I'll venture for it, noble Guardian.

M. G. Bl. Mr. *Welford* has been at Court, — and they are countermanded, and are not to go these 5 weeks. And a Dod, may be that may be long enough to be married. You may be weary of one another by that time — there have been such Examples.

Teref. Oh, never, never ; — I'll say't — shall I be weary ?

M. G. Bl. Go, go, get you into the drawing Room, and agree upon your Treaty : — my Pupil and I, shall have no words upon ours.

Sir Nich. Your Servant Sir.

Exit Sir Nich and Terefia.

Enter Hackwell Junior, and Welford.

M. G. Bl. Oh come young Fellows, — I have found out a way to Dispatch your Business with these skittish Girls. I over-heard 'em say — they would have some private Conference in this Room. We'll into a Closet, and over-hear it — A Dod. They are coming — in — in — retire.

Enter Eugenia and Clara.

Clara. Come my Dear, we are alone ! Let's enjoy one another ? what can make us so happy ?

Eugen. The Colonel and Volunteer can make us happier.

Clara. That's true indeed ; — but we are now alone, and are not forced upon the Dudgey of dissembling.

Eugen. 'Tis very hard that honest Women must be tyed to that as well as Wench.

Clara. Indeed a little lying is a necessary quality in our Sex !

Eugen. That's but convenient policy — for us to use with Men ; Fiction in Love and Poetry is lawful.

Clara

Clara. That's a very civil word, for lying; but there is no pleasure in Conversation, where hearts are not open to one another.

Eugen. Thou art in the right my Dear; Oh my most bewitching Colonel! I would not for the world, he knew the power he had over me!

Clara. My Brother is a generous and worthy Fellow; he'd use it nobly if he did.

Eugen. Nor is there a Gallanter Fellow than thy Volunteer; and I had best let him know the power he has over thee.

Clara. Not for the world, my Dear; he shall have no Temptation from me, to be a Tyrant. You see power alters almost every Man.

Eugen. 'Tis fit indeed we conceal our foibles; for if they apply their strengths to our weakness, they will be too hard for us.

Clara. Thank Heaven! we have always something to ballance that ——— And can find out their weakness. And the great cunning of our Sex, and all our Dominion comes from attacking that.

Eugen. To say Truth, they are more open-hearted, than we, and more easily discovered. But what power has thy Volunteer over thee?

Clara. My Lawful Monarch has as much, as ever Tyrant aimed at; Oh, he's the charming'st Creature upon Earth; I could live all my life time in a Wilderness with him, and never see the Face of any other Man.

Eugen. I cannot say that of my Colonel, because I have a Father, that next to him, I love above the World; but I could gladly share with him in all his hazards and his toils.

Clara. That's a true taking for better for worse; ——— Thou art a brave Heroick Girl; ——— we are both sprung from Soldiers; and methinks rather than not be in my *Welford's* presence; I'd lie in Camps without all Covering but the Skie.

Eugen. I'd mount a breach with my Colonel.

Clara. Well said my brave *Amazon*, ——— With my *Welford* I could stand a pass, with showers of Bullets flying about our Ears, and only be concerned, least an unlucky one, should cut him off.

Eugen. Haff! what thou wilt, I am as valiant as thy self! And for mine, I would gladly intercept the Bullet that would hit him, ——— Oh he is the dearest, sweetest Creature, that the Earth ever bore.

Clara. Mine, besides his worth, his Honour, and his Fame, with his Person might conquer all our Sex.

Eugen. Mine is the glory of his Sex, and the delight of ours; his Look, his Mien!

Clara. Ah *Welford*! his Aire! his Shape; and his Address. ———

Eugen. His Wit, his Sense. ———

Clara. His Courage, and his Gentleness. ———

Eugen. Pray let's not quarrel, who is most charming. ———

Clara. They are both best; and I would we had 'em each within our Arms.

Eugen. It were a Joy beyond the World.

H

Enter

*Enter M. G. Blunt.**(Thy's squeak.)*

M. G. Bl. Ah, ——— why 'tis not come to that yet. ——— Ye are brave Girls, never blush for the matter ; ——— 'Tis natural, ——— 'tis honest, 'tis discreet and virtuous.

Clara. Oh Sir, what Confusion would it cause, should you discover one word of this to our Lovers?

Eugen. As e'er you priz'd your most obedient Daughter, be secret-as a Confessor : — I blush to look on you.

Clara. I never shall behold you more, without such shame as will confound me. — But, for Heav'n's sake be secret, Sir.

M. G. Bl. You are foolish Girls ; — this is an Honour to you. By the Lord Harry, I'll say nothing : — But adod, y'are the bravest-mettl'd Girls in *Christendome*. — Come Lovers, enter. *(Takes 'em by the Hand.)*

Enter Hackwel jun. and Welford.

*{ The Women shriek, and
endeavour to run away.*

A h-ha, ——— What a pox do you squeak for ? Here's no Rape intended. No flying, ——— adod you shall stand to't.

Eugen. I'll never forgive you, tho' you are my Father.

Clara. You had better have staid, and made me such an account, as Guardians won't do, ——— than use me thus.

M. G. Bl. Come adod, I love Plain-dealing, ——— i'd have Love come out like the Small Pox, or else 'tis dangerous

Welf. to Clara. Madam, I never suffer'd such Confusion ; ——— I know not what to say or think of my sur, rizing Joy.

Hack. jun. The Blessing of this minute is so high, so ravishing, and extravagant, methinks I dream.

Eugen. Methinks you do. Ours was Railery ! all Railery ; ——— as if we did not know you were in the Closet.

Clara. Can you imagine otherwise ? Why, 'twas nothing but a Scene well acted betwixt us.

Welf. It is too much to my advantage, not to believe you were in earnest Madam

Hack. jun. You will not sure be so cruel ! to strangle my poor Infant-Hope, and make me desperate.

M. G. Bl. Why, you young dissembling Sluts ! Adod ! this is rare Confidence ! Do you think this will pass upon us ? No, no, the Business shall be immediately dispatch'd : ——— We'll first employ an able Lawyer, ——— and then a competent Divine, ——— that, I warrant you, shall make you fast enough, and tye you in such a Noose, you shall never riggle out agen.

Enter Servants holding Sir Timothy Kasfril.

1 Servant. Hold, hold him fast.

Sir Tim. Let me go, you Dogs, let me go.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nick. What's to do here ? What's the matter ? Why, Sir Timothy, are you out of your Princely Wits ?

M. G. Bl.

M. G. Bl. Pox o' these Puppies, — Must they still put a stop to us, when like Chymists we are at the moment of Projection?

Sir Tim. The matter! why I did but chastise some rude fellows, and these laid hold of me, and haul'd me in thus.

M. G. Bl. Let him go: — What's the matter?

Servant. The matter Sir! why he'll be kill'd in half an hours time, if we let him go: — Some Mascaraders would have press'd in, and he sallies out upon 'em, beats three or four of 'em, and runs one through the Arm; and that would not satisfy him, but a rough Souldierly man came by, with Whiskers, and he pull'd him by a Whisker, — and told him he did not like his Countenance, and to't they went; — If we had not parted them, one had been kill'd.

M. G. Bl. Why, adod, thou art the strangest *Orlando Furioso* that e'er I knew; — what Transformation's this?

Sir Nich. Are you not asham'd? The greatest quality of a Beau is to be self of speech, very gentle and civil of Deportment, much joy'd with the Contemplation of himself, and well pleas'd with others.

Sir Tim. Pish, Pox of a Beau! I'll have nothing to do with 'em; nor the Women neither; they have used me like a Dog. I would go to the War, — but that he that was my Tutor, that's a Non-swearer, has perpleix'd my Conscience so, that I do not know which side to take. — But a Pox on me if I don't fight at home; — I am out of humour with the World.

Sir Nich. For shame, art thou mad?

Sir Tim. Don't you provoke me to whip you through the Body.

M. G. Bl. By the Lord *Harry*, Knight, thou canst not live a week. Oh, the Fiddles are yonder! look to the Doors, let none in but those you know: These Fiddles are Pop-Calls, and Whore-Calls; we shall have the Town assemble. Come young fellows, let's go, Faith, I'll lead you up in a Country Dance myself. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE a Dining-Room.

Enter Teresia, Winifred, Hop, and Fiddles; to them M. G. Blunt, Coll. Hackwel jun. Welford, Sir Nicholas, Sir Timothy, Eugenia and Clara.

M. G. Bl. Come, when shall we begin? — I think we want some of our Company.

Hop. Pray give me leave Sir, to present you with a Maggot of mine.

M. G. Bl. Ha fellow, what dost thou mean by a Maggot?

Hop. Sir, a little Concern of mine in my way, — a little whim, or so sir.

M. G. Bl. Prithee fellow speak plain English: Adod, I know not what thou mean'st.

Hop. Why, a little Dance sir, — I have all ready.

M. G. Bl. Why now thou sayest something. Let 'em come in. These Dancing-masters and Fiddlers are so devilish witty alwaies!

Enter Hackwel sen. Mrs. Hackwel, and Nickum.

Oh Colonel, I sent to you: I was afraid you would have fail'd me.

Hack. sen. Save you sir, I look upon Dancing as Vanity, and I dare leave

to be absent : It is but the Ceremony, I will be present at the substantial part
—— your Supper.

M. G. Bl. Well, well, —— you have liberty : —— The Godly will seldom
balk a lusty Meal : they will eat till it flies out at their Mouth, Eyes, Ears,
and Nostrils,

Sir Tim. I fought with that fellow there, that Rogue, that Sharper, and
run him over and over. *To Sir Nich^{las}.*

Nickum. I am a Rogue : Now I see 'em, my mind misgives me, and I find
plainly I dare not fight.

Mrs. Hack. What's the matter ? I am afraid you are angry.

Nickum. My Blood rises at these Rogues, and I would fain run 'em into
the Howels.

Mrs. Hack. I'll keep you under my wing.

Hack. sen. It seemeth to me, that my Lamb is somewhat more concern'd
for this *Nickum* than is decent.

M. G. Bl. Come enter. —— Where is the Dance ?

Hack. sen. I will retire from these Vanities, and give my self to Meditation.
Exit.

Enter Dancers, and dance.

M. G. Bl. Pox o' these Entries, give me your jolly Country Dance, it
puts good Humour into us, warms the Ladies, and makes 'em kind and com-
ing, young fellows. Hah ! we'll fall to that now.

Mrs. Hack. to Nickum. I cannot dance, and am afraid the M. General will
take me out : Let's retire. *They sneak out.*

M. G. Bl. Now, young fellows, take out your Ladies. *{ A Noise without,
Part 'em, part 'em.*

Enter a Servant.

Hew now, how now, what's the matter ?

Serv. The old Cavalier-Gentlemen are fall'n out, and will kill one ano-
ther : —— I believe they flung all the Bottles at one another, —— and have
fought their way thro' three Rooms, and are fighting their way thro' thi.

Terf. Oh, I shall dye, I shall dye, —— Save me, save me. *(Runs to Sir Nich.*

Winif. Oh Mr. Hop save me. *(Runs to Mr. Hop.*

M. G. Bl. Fear nothing, there's no danger they have done this three
times a week this fifty year. *(Cavaliers roar and rant, with their Swords drawn.*

What's the matter here.

1 Caval. This fellow said, He was nearer being hang'd for Plots for the
King than I was.

2 Caval. Yes, and more, and better Plots, I'll justify it ; the Major General
knows it.

M. G. Bl. Know, —— adod, all the Plots that I knew ended in being dam-
nable drunk ; and I believe you drank and spew'd in the King's Service as
much as mast.

1 Caval. He that says he was as near being hang'd for the King as I, lies.

Sir Tim. Lo k ye Sir, you lye, you both lye, and you all lye ; and if you
have a mind to fight, —— I'll fight with you all round.

M. G. Bl.

M. G. Bl. Fools, put up your Swords, and for you *Knights*, I will send for a Constable, if you will not be quiet: Go, go and drink Friends, till you can't speak, and then you'll be good Company.

1 *Caval.* Sir, you are my Officer, and I'll obey.

2 *Caval.* I honour my Officer.

Exeunt Cavalier.

Sir Nich. Look you, *Sir Timothy*, I brought you into this Family, you dishonour me, if you disturb it, and I'll cut your Throat.

Sir Tim. No more, Let this be somewhat between you and me.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, take out your Ladies: — Adod, I have lost my Mate; but here's a pretty young Wench, a very good exchange, I faith.

He takes Lettice, Sir Nicholas Tere a, Welford, Clara, Hick, jun. Eugenia.

Sir Tim. to Winif. I shall remember you, — but I'll do you the honour to dance with you.

Winif. I scorn to join Hands with such a fellow, upon any occasion: Sweet Mr. Hop, — you are my Mate.

Sir Tim. Why you impudent Rascal, dare you take out an unmannerly Slut, that has refus'd me, and think your self fit to dance with Gentlemen?

Winif. Oh sweet Mr. Hop!

Oh, look to Mr. Hop.

M. G. Bl. Thou Knight!

Breaks Hop's Head, Hop pulls out his Handkerchief to wipe the Blood, drops a Paper, Clara takes it up.

Thou Puppy, I could find in my Heart to have my Servants fling thee out of the Window, — for affronting me in this manner.

Sir Tim. Well, — he shall be the next to *Sir Nicholas*.

(Aside.)

Clara to G. Blunt. Sir, Sir, look what here is, which this same Hop has drop'd, a Paper with half a broad Piece, and a Contract penn'd by that sweet Lady, my Sister-in-Laws own Hand; a Contrast with this compleas Gentleman Mr. Hop.

(Blunt takes it from her.)

Winif. Mercy on me! we are undone: give me my Paper.

M. G. Bl. I beg your Pardon, I will shew it to my Neighbor the Colonel. Ha Tox! this will be of use, I faith. — Did I not say she would take up with a Groom? This indeed is somewhat higher.

Sir Tim. What, is your Ladyships haughty person dispos'd of to a Dancing-master?

Sir Nich. Is the terrible scornful Lady taken up with a Dancing-master? Mrs. Hop, your Servant Mrs. Hop.

Clara. Sister, I wish you Joy with your Caperer.

Teref. Oh that so fine a person should be so cast away! I grieve for thee, my Dear.

Winif. Curse on 'em all, — I'll carry it off. — *(Aside.)*

Look you, all at once, that there has not only been a Contract, but the Marriage has been celebrated between this dear Creature — and my self. I think him the finest Gentleman in England, and there's an end on't. Come, my Dear, let's go.

Sir Tim. Dost thou hear, scornful Lady, Mrs. Hop? — I could find in my Heart to cut thy Rogues back-Sinews, and spoil his capering, — but every time I meet him — I will kick him thus.

Winif.

Winif. He's a Coward, *Nickum* beat him before me, and he never resisted.

Hop. Say you so? Have-at you Sir.

Sir Tim. Go, get you gone with another Kick for a Pafs. ——— Hah ———

Gentlemen! Your Judgment! Don't I

fight pretty well ——— Hah, Major-General, Sir *Nich'lus*. Colonel.

All. Very well, ——— very well.

M. G. Bl. We shall dance the merrier, for this Interruption, I warrant you.

——— Here, ——— Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Servant. I am here Sir.

M. G. Bl. Where is the old Colonel?

Servant. He is not gone out of the House, ——— but he is in none of the usual Rooms ——— where the Lights are.

M. G. Bl. Come, come, let's find him out; ——— And let him know this joyful News.

Hack. jun. Nothing could have happen'd so luckily as this.

Welf. Yes, ——— if he had discover'd his Wife, as we have done her Daughter.

Exeunt Omnes.

THE SCENE a Dark Room.

Enter Colonel Hackwel Senior.

Hack. sen. I have gotten pretty well out of the Paper, and other Patents, and made a pretty Sum of them: ——— I have shares in some that cost me nothing, but were given me to prevent my Caveats: those I'll keep a while, but for the Linnen, we have agreed when that shall rise, ——— and then I'll wriggle my self out of that.

Enter Nickum and Mrs. Hackwel.

Mrs. Hack. I thought we should never have found a private Room, all are so full of Lights this Night.

Nickum. This is to our purpose, ——— my dear Madam.

Hack. sen. Bless me! What do I hear, *Nickum* and my Lamb?

Mrs. Hack. Have not I brought my old Fool to a fine pass? I'll never leave him now, till he settles all his Estate unsettled upon me, and afterwards upon my Daughter. ——— He has promis'd, ——— and then I'll make thy Fortune.

Hack. sen. I am confounded, most exceedingly abash'd.

Nick. Thou dear sweet Lady of my Soul and Body, ——— I am not worthy of thee; but methinks it is a great part of the Pleasure, to consider how fond, how silly, and how credulous these poor Cuckolds are.

Hack. sen. Is it so, Devil Incarnate?

Mrs. Hack. Ah, ah, we are undone, utterly lost, kill him, kill him.

Hack. sen. Rowze Old Man within me. Hah! I see a glimmering of a Light.

Exit Nickum.

Nick. Have at your Bowels.

{ Nickum runs at him, he cuts him by and
lays him on: and cuts him back Sward
way, and beats him about the Rome.

Enter M. G. Blunt, Colonel Hack. Jun. Welford: Servants and Lights.

Hack Jun. Heaven, my Father engag'd?

Hack. Sen. Stand by——let me alone with him.——

M. G. Bl. What's the matter man? By my troth, I think thou art as pretty
a Fellow with a Sword in thy hand;—And lay'st about thee as thou didst
50 year ago.

Hack. Sen. The matter: That fellow is the fewdest son of Belial; And my
Spouse the most ungracious Jezebel on the Earth. They have made me that
protain filthy and unclean Beast call'd a Cuckold: And in this dark Room,
little knowing I was here: they boasted and gloried in the Fact: And when
I discover'd my self they would have kill'd me.

Hack. Jun. O horrible Villany! Secure this Dog in some place,
He shall not scape.

Nick. I feel my blood trickling — I beleive you have kill'd me.

M. G. Bl. Come my old Soldier,—Comfort thy self: Cuckoldum is no dis-
honour in our Country: But we shall have another discovery for you and
your sweet Lady. Thy Daughter Winifred has confes'd She is marry'd to
Hop the Dancing-Master——his head was broke; and taking his Handker-
chief to wipe the blood—He dropt the Contract with this half broad Peice in't.

Mrs. Hack. This is a most compleat Ruin. I will hide my head in some
dark hole, and never see the light again. (Exeunt Mrs. Hack.

Hack. Sen. Let her go! And for the other peice of vanity she's aptly dis-
pos'd of.

M. G. Bl. Go, call all the Company——lets into the great Room: and we
will Rejoyce this Night, for all this.

{ Exeunt Servants first.
{ Then Exeunt all the Rest.

Enter M. G. Blunt, Colonel Hackwell Sen. Hackwell Junier, Welford, Sir Ni-
cholas, Sir Timothy Kastril, Teres, Eugenia and Clara.

Hack. Sen. Son and Daughter, give me your hands, I have been led away
by a wicked Instrument, to injure you both; I was poison'd with lyes: And
I have discover'd her, and her wicked falsehood: And have put her away,
Repenting me that ever I took her unto Wife: And I desire you will forgive
me.

Clara. What happy change is this?

Hack. Jun. Pardon me Sir, for all that I have offended you in.

I desire now, nothing but your favour, which I so long in vain have
sought.

Clara. If I regain your favour! I shall reckon this the happiest day of all
my Life.

Hack. Sen. You have it both of you; and I will make some amends, and
verily you shall find it.

M. G.

M. G. Bl. Look thee my old Acquaintance: we have another discovery to make to you; — When you had cast your Son an Daughter out, *I* undertook to to serve them: — And for your Son, *I* have provided this Daughter for a Wife: — And for your Daughter that Gentleman, *Mr. Welford*, (whose Fortune and Family you know) for a Husband.

Hack. Sen. I profess *I* am very greatly bound unto you: Good *M. General*: And *I* am so abundantly satisfi'd in the Wisdom of your Disposal, that *I* look upon it as a great and signal Dispensation unto me and mine, and for settlement, *I* will do what you shall approve.

M. G. Bl. That's well, now we come to a point. — Well Pupil! how are you now agreed?

Teres. I have that duty to my Father, — That *I* never can resist his pleasure.

Sir Nich. *I* must do, what Love and Honour oblige me to! Madam, you have won me from all the Ladies in the Town — You will be envy'd, and *I* shall be laugh'd at — But *Jacta est Alea*.

Sir Tim. What a Devil am *I* here? *I* am no body: *I* must fight or marry, or lye with some body, — But a Pox on't, now *I* think on't, *I'll* Beau it no longer — But turn Whore-master.

Clara. Sir, *I* beseech you let me have *Lettice* with me: She's a very Good Girl.

Hack. Sen. O yes, thou wert wrong'd, — much wrong'd.

M. G. Bl. Come on my pair Royal — *I'll* lead you up a Country-Dance: And then to Supper: And the whole House shall ring. Come my young partner — Colonel — Thou shalt stay and see this Ado.

Hack. Sen. *I* will for once.

M. G. Bl. To morrow the Lawyers shall to work: Articles shall be sign'd and Bonds given. And the next day we will have a pretty nimble Divine.

Clara. Why such haste.

Eugen. Sir, Consider a little.

M. G. Bl. No more you little jilting, dissembling sluts!

By the Lord Harry, it shall be so: Take 'em by the hands.

Hack. Jun. My joy is so transporting — That *I* am besides my self.

Welf. And mine is so beyond all bounds; — *I* shall not endeavour to express it. (The Fiddels strike up, and they Dance.

M. G. Bl. Wee'l dedicate this Night,

To Mirth and Joy: And may you all have cause for't ever after: And now my old Neighbour, who ever marries a second Wife, — When he has a good Brood at first, which is like to be his best Brood.

By her abus'd and jilted, Friend like thee.

Let him a most Notorious Cuckold be.

F I N I S.

